

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE;

## AND

### Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

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No. 531.

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1827.

PRICE 8d.

#### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Apocalypse of St. John, or Prophecy of the Rise, Progress, and Fall of the Church of Rome,—the Inquisition,—the French Revolution,—the Universal War,—and the final Triumph of Christianity: being a new Interpretation.* By the Rev. George Croly, A.M. H.R.S.L. 8vo. pp. 486. Rivingtons.

THIS volume is dedicated to the Lord Bishop of Salisbury, a prelate whose high character for all that does honour to his station, for intelligence, virtue, and literature, argues well of any writer to whose work he has, as in this instance, permitted the sanction of his name.

But as every work, however thus favourably introduced to the public, must stand or fall on its own grounds, we shall now proceed to state the claims of the present elucidation of one of the most important, and unquestionably the least known, portions of the Scriptures.

It is a singular fact, that while the other divisions of the sacred volume have been interpreted with a fulness that leaves scarcely room for the most trivial addition of light, and with a clearness that makes scepticism at once absurd and criminal; the Apocalypse, written by the most favoured of the Evangelists, the last great document of the prophetic spirit to mankind, the roll of the fates of the Christian Church, and, with it, of the world, should be and ever have been a tissue of perplexity, the most stubborn trial of the commentator, and converted, by the infinite failures of the plans of elucidation, into darkness visible. The names of Faber, Kett, Galloway, Woodhouse, and Tillock, will convey to those who are familiar with modern divinity the impression of labour and learning. But it is (in the author's view) beyond all doubt, that with the Apocalypse they have effected nothing; and their chief value has been that of shewing, that no attempt pursued on their principles can lead to the light. The result of those endless discrepancies is, of course, the inclination to discredit the book; the readiness to conceive that what has so long defied explanation was not made to be explained; and the consequent consignment of a most magnificent and illustrative work of the Divine Inspiration to the hands of enthusiasm, or to utter and ignorant neglect. From both of those culpable abandonments it is the object of the present work to rescue the Apocalypse, not by an appeal merely to the ancient authorities of theological literature, the fathers and other early leaders of the church, though this is not unattended to, but by the true and sufficient way of shewing that it is capable of an obvious and direct interpretation, that all that was necessary to the discovery of this interpretation was the adoption of an arrangement pointed out by the nature of the book, and overlooked by the commentators, merely from their having rashly followed each other's track; and that the prophecy contains, with a minuteness increasing as it approaches our own time, (the true evidence of inspiration,) all

the grander features of the history of Christendom.

The present interpretation is, as is stated in the Introduction, wholly original, having been made without reference to any of the preceding writers; is new in the arrangement, the mode of elucidation, and the nature of its discoveries; and is, according to Mr. Croly's statement, thus grounded:—

"The Apocalypse is a collection of divine visions, seen probably at different times, but all during the apostle's exile (at Patmos). It consists of six portions:—The vision of the Asiatic persecution. The vision of the Seals, or general view of Providence in the government of the church and the world, beginning with the period of Constantine, and ending with the close of the final age of mankind. The vision of the Trumpets: the vision of the Vials,—which two are nearly identical, and describe the inflictions laid upon the persecutors of the church, beginning from the establishment of the Inquisition, and closing with the final ruin of the popedom, and the triumph of Christianity. The vision of the Church, distinguished into the three eras of pagan persecution, papal persecution, and the catastrophe of her oppressors: and the vision of the triumph of Christianity.

"It will be shewn in the course of the interpretation, that this prophecy includes, in the most direct manner, all those great events which make the frame-work of history since the first age of Christianity; that it distinctly predicts the establishment of the church under Constantine and his successors; the overthrow of the Roman empire; the erection of the barbarian kingdoms on its ruin; the rise of the popedom; the establishment of the Inquisition; the persecution of the first reformers; the successive punishments laid on Italy, Spain, and France, as the three powers by which the Inquisition was let loose against Protestantism, namely, the destruction of the Spanish armada, the civil war following the overthrow of Protestantism in France in 1685, the wars of Louis XIV., the French Revolution, and the final universal war."

"It will be seen, by a comparison with any of the preceding commentaries, that this arrangement differs from them 'all in many important features, but peculiarly in the juxtaposition of the Trumpets and Vials, whose extreme similarity has hitherto struck all readers, yet which have been treated, in deference to the errors of the early commentators, Mede, &c. as relating to totally different events, centuries asunder. The result of this separation has been remediless confusion. In the present volume it is shewn, that the two series begin from the same point,—the establishment of the Inquisition, and continue together: the Trumpets giving the civil and political view of the events, the Vials the ecclesiastical; and both ending in the universal war, which the interpretation shews to be the next great event to the French Revolution, and to be in fact approaching rapidly,—its approach

being declared in the prophecy to be accompanied by certain signs, which our common experience admits to be obvious at the present hour, viz. the extraordinary distribution of the Bible, the continued influence over Europe of the four great powers by whom the French empire was put down, &c. The universal war is shewn to be predicted at the close of no less than four of the visions, and to be detailed with circumstances of measureless terror. It is fully shewn from the prophecy, that it shall be ushered in by a sudden revival of atheism, superstition, and religious violence, acting upon the European nations until they are inflamed into war. All the elements of terror and ruin shall be roused; Protestantism persecuted; popery, after a momentary triumph, utterly destroyed; a general shock of kingdoms, consummated by some vast and palpable development of the Divine Power, at once protecting the church, and extinguishing, in remediless and boundless devastation, infidelity and idolatry.

"This prophecy takes successively the language of the prophets exulting over the fall of the great and opulent cities of the East, the broken sceptres, the spoiled wealth and burning palaces and temples of Tyre and Babylon; the still sterner denunciations over the crimes of Jerusalem: the images of wild and sudden invasion, and hopeless battle; the massacre, the conflagration, the final crush of polity, power, and name. Even 'the agencies of nature are summoned to deepen the prediction, earthquakes and subterraneous fire, lightnings and ponderous and fatal hail. And in the midst of this chaos of bloodshed, fire, and tempest, towers the form of the Avenger, flashing with terrible lustre, crowned and armed with the power and the wrath of Deity against a world that has for so many ages of long-suffering resisted his Spirit, worshipped idols, and enslaved and slain his people—God, a consuming fire! It is further declared, that this catastrophe is now approaching hour by hour; that the French revolution was to have been the last great event before it; with but a brief intervening period, occupied by Providence in preparing and securing the true church, in spreading the Scriptures, and in giving a last opportunity to the unbeliever and the idolater to accept the truth of God. The Apocalypse thus assumes the rank of not merely an elucidation of the Divine will in the past, nor an evidence of the general truth of Christianity, but of a warning of the highest and most pressing nature to all men, in the entire range of human society. It is not the mere abstract study of the theologian, nor the solitary contemplation of the man of piety; but a great document addressed to the mighty of the earth; wisdom calling out trumpet-tongued to the leaders of national council; the descended minister of Heaven, summoning for the last time the nations to awake to the peril already darkening over their heads, and cut themselves loose from those unscriptural and idolatrous faiths with which they must otherwise go

down; the Spirit of God commanding the teachers and holders of the true faith to prepare themselves by the cultivation of their powers, by a vigilant purity, by a generous and hallowed courage, for that high service of God and man in which they may so soon be called on to act, and perhaps to suffer; and proclaiming to all men alike the infinite urgency of redeeming the time before the arrival of a period that to the whole world of idolatry, European and barbarian, shall come with a civil ruin, of which the subversion of Jerusalem was but a type; and with a physical destruction that can find no parallel but in the inevitable fury of the deluge."

Having thus briefly stated the nature of Mr. Croly's work, we must limit ourselves to giving a few specimens of the style; premising, that, for the sake of putting his interpretation to the severest test, he has given it verse by verse, a mode which allows of the reader's instant detection of any straining of the original, if such there should be; but which, on the other hand, is, beyond all comparison, the most advantageous in point of clearness and conviction.

"*The Fall of Paganism.*—The triumph of Christianity was come. Theodosius, a statesman, a soldier, and a man of virtue, was called from obscurity to the empire. The lingering reluctance of the throne to repress the ancient superstition, was suddenly changed for a wise and bold activity. A succession of decrees, like successive flashes of light from the sword of the Spirit, smote the worship of the idols, closed the heathen temples, and established Christianity as the religion of the Roman world. Thus fell Paganism; the great antagonist of truth, purity, and wisdom; the pamperer of human passion and pride; splendid and stately to the eye, but made to be the oppressor and the murderer. At this distance the mind still contemplates it, like the ruins of one of its own temples, and, wondering at its stupendous extent, the depth and age of its foundation, the grandeur and costliness of the embellishment lavished upon it by the genius of antiquity, may well doubt that it was either raised or overthrown by the strength of man. But it was the house of darkness; vice and blood were the offerings on its altars; its fall was the freedom of nations, the beginning of a day which shall know no end; and loud and lofty be the thanksgiving for that fall which let in light upon mankind."

"*The Miraculous Origin of Christianity.*—No conformity of circumstance can account for the origin of Christianity. A Being, known to the world only as a Jewish peasant, delivered a system of doctrine, which overthrew not merely some feeble philosophy, or some harsh and unpopular superstition, but both theory and establishment of the state religion, guarded and fought for by the armed strength of the most powerful government of the greatest of all empires. Thousands and tens of thousands owed their daily bread to their connexion with that religion. Millions on millions had identified it with all their conceptions of life, of enjoyment, and of that obscure hope in which the heathen saw a life to come. The noble families owed a large portion of their rank and influence to it. The emperor himself was the high priest. Old tradition, invigorated into living belief, made it the pledge of safety to the empire,—a sacred protector, without which the glories of Roman dominion were destined to inevitable ruin. Yet against this colossal and haughty erection,—the consummate work of subtlety and strength,—stood forth a solitary Being, and at his word the whole pile, the great for-

ress that towered up to heaven, came wall and gate to the ground. And by what means had this been done? By nothing that can find a parallel in the history of human impulse. Signal austerity, enthusiasm, wealth, military genius, the promise of splendid success, visionary doctrines, the displays of a sensual paradise, have made proselytes in barbarous ages, or among the loose creeds of contending heresies. But the Founder of Christianity cast away all those weapons of our lower nature. He shrank from no declaration of the most unpalatable truth. He told the Jew that his spiritual pride was a deadly crime. He declared that the cherished impurity of the Gentile was a deadly crime. He plucked up the temporal ambition of his followers by the roots, and told them, that if they were to be great, it must be through the grave. In the full view of unpopularity, desertion, and death, he pronounced to the Jews the extinction of their national existence; to the disciples, their lives of persecution. At the time of his death, his name had scarcely passed beyond his despised province; and when it at length reached Rome, it was known only in contemptuous connexion with that of a crowd of unfortunate men condemned to the rack and the flame. Yet within the life of man, his religion was constituted the worship of emperor and people, his doctrines were acknowledged as inspiration, and the civilised world bowed down before him as the God whom the heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain. Those wonders are familiar to the Christian, but they are still wonders, the mightiest phenomena on which the spirit of man can gaze, the stars of our mortal twilight, and worthy of our loftiest admiration, till the gates of the grave shall be unbarred, and the vision of glory shall spread before us without a cloud."

Towards the close of the history, the writer adverts to the signal successes which have characterised England during the late war, and gives a passing sketch of each of the four pre-eminent public men by whom the country has been led to glory. We have room but for one—PITT.

"In all the interpositions of Providence the fewness of the instruments is a distinguishing feature. In the commencement of the great European conflict, a man stood at the head of English affairs, fitted, beyond all his predecessors, for the crisis; gifted with all the qualities essential to the first rank in the conduct of empire,—an eloquence singularly various, vivid, and noble; a fortitude of soul that nothing could shake or surprise; a vigour and copiousness of resource inexhaustible. But he had a still higher ground of influence with the nation, in his unusual honour, and superiority to all the baser objects of public life; the utter stainlessness of his mind and conduct; the unquestioned purity of that zeal which burned in his bosom, as on an altar, for the glory of England. The integrity of Pitt gave him a mastery over the national feeling that could not have been won by the most brilliant faculties alone. In those great financial measures, rendered necessary by the new pressure of the time, and on which all the sensitiveness of a commercial people was alive, the nation would have trusted to no other man. But they followed Pitt with the profoundest reliance. They honoured his matchless understanding; but they honoured still more the lofty principle and pure love of country, that they felt to be incapable of deception. The British minister formed a class by himself. He was the leader, not only of English council, but of European. He stood

on an elevation to which no man before him had ascended. He fought the battle of the world until the moment when the struggle was to be changed into victory: he died in the night of Europe, but it was when the night was on the verge of dawn. If it could ever be said of a minister, that he concentrated in himself the mind and heroic heart of an empire, that he was at once the spirit and the arm of a mighty people, Pitt was that man!"

It is not our province, nor have we ever entered the field of theology, to decide any of its great questions brought forward in books which we have been called upon to notice in the *Literary Gazette*; nor shall we here depart from our neutral principle. But we would ill discharge our duty of fair reporters to the public, if we dismissed Mr. Croly's work without expressing our very high admiration of the abilities and genius it displays. Of the powerful mind he has brought to his inquiry, of the extraordinary vigour of his style, of the originality of his historical views, of the energy with which he seeks to elicit what he considers to be the truth, and of the great and various intellectual endowments which he displays, it is our pleasant task to speak in terms of the warmest eulogy. It is long since we have read a production of equal fervour and force; and we can safely say, that even those who are disinclined to peruse polemical writings will find in this volume an infinitude of literature, history, and topics of general interest to instruct and delight them.

#### *Dramatic Scenes, Sonnets, and other Poems.*

By Mary Russell Mitford, author of "Foscari," "Julian," and "Our Village." 8vo. pp. 392. London, 1827. G. B. Whittaker.

WE can best liken Miss Mitford's genius to an English June landscape,—gardens gay with cheerful flowers—green fields rich with their wealth of fragrant hay—the cottage of humble comfort—the mansion which domestic virtue makes a shrine—shadowy lanes, with their sweet-briar hedges and growth of wild flowers—the blue sunny sky—the churchyard, with its solemn yew,—all thoroughly English. Such is the character of Miss Mitford's poetry and exquisite sketches of description. The gentle and tender affections, the kindly feelings of humanity, the good, the happier parts of our nature, its gratitude, its deep pure springs of old religion,—these are the subjects in which she delights and excels: not but her June skies have showers; not but her pages know well how to trace the bitter ways of sorrow, to work upon our saddest sympathies. To follow up our simile of a landscape, our chief difficulty in the one before us is to choose where we shall make our stay: we must do what we can, and give place to the following, only regretting that it is not more.

"Look how the wood-walks hither tend,  
As to a centre: some in vistas green,  
Pillared and overarched, as the long aisles  
Of an old proud cathedral; others wandering  
In lovelier masses through a various scene  
Holly or copse-wood; scarce the eye can trace  
Their coy meanders, but all meeting here  
Beneath this monarch oak, through whose thick boughs  
The sun comes flickering—How the indented leaves  
Of brightest green cut clearly the blue sky  
And the small clouds! And how this tiny spring  
Bubbles and quarkles round the moss-grown roots.  
Winding its silver thread along the short  
Elastic turf, so thickly set with flowers,  
And mixed with fragrant herbs, till it is lost  
Amongst the bowery thickets! Not a spot  
In all the forest can compare with this,  
Nature's own temple!"

"Man  
Loves on till hope be dead, then love dies too:  
'Tis only woman lays her silly heart  
In hope's cold urn, and in that fun'ral nest  
Broods o'er her love."

The dream  
His bright  
Of health,  
Year after  
No smile  
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"Such a vision as erst filled  
The dreamy soul of Guido when he drew  
His bright Aurora. Such a brilliant flush  
Of health, and joy, and youth—eternal youth!  
Yea after year rolled on, and stole no charm  
No smile from that fair woman. Strangers saw her  
Pepped on her son's supporting arm, or throwing  
Her white hand round her daughter's waist, and deemed  
She was their younger sister. Oh, how proud  
That noble son was of her peerless grace!"

"I've seen her portrait, where young purity  
Is pictured to the life. She sits upon  
A rock by the sea-shore, her starry eyes  
Fixed on the gloomy sky, as if to wait  
The raging of the storm."

"With hound and horn and huntsman's call  
They chase the fallow deer;  
And thou, the noblest of them all,  
Why dost thou loiter here?"

"Thou canst not deem within her bower  
Thine own true love to see;  
Dost thou not know at matin hour  
I hear can come to thee?"

"My sister's voice is on the stair,  
All in her maiden gloe;  
My mother's flitting every where,  
And calling still on me."

"My father's by the southern wall,  
Pruning the old vine tree;  
My brothers playing in the hall—  
And all are wanting me."

"Then off, and mount thy gallant steed,  
To hunt the fallow deer!  
Off, off, and join the chase with speed,  
Nor loiter longer here."

"At eventide my mother sits,  
Her knitting on her knee;  
And wakes by starts, and dreams by fits,  
But never dreams of me."

"At eventide my sister fair  
Stools to the great oak tree;  
I may not tell who meets her there—  
But nought want they of me."

"At eventide, beside the bowl,  
With some old comrade free,  
My father many a song doth toll,  
But never thinks of me."

"Off, then, with hound, and echoing horn  
To chase the fallow deer;  
Nor deem again at peep of morn  
To meet thy true-love here."

It is like taking leave of an old and dear friend, to close a volume of Miss Mitford's: we can only observe, this one adds to her high reputation.

*Personal Narrative of Adventures in the Peninsula, during the War in 1812-1813. By an Officer, late in the Staff Corps Regiment of Cavalry. 12mo. pp. 339. London, 1827. J. Murray.*

THE re-appearance of a British force in the Peninsula seems to have led to the publication of this pleasant volume, at a period so distant from the date of its materials; and we are glad that the writer has been induced to revise his correspondence, and give us the fruits of his experience upon a ground at all times so interesting, but more than usually so at the present moment. It is not our province to guess what may be the probable course of our countrymen in Portugal; and it is sufficient for our purpose to say, that if they move forward, we shall hear of them in connexion with many of the places described in these pages with a sketchy, but intelligent and characteristic pencil. The author, though rapid in his movements, enjoyed good opportunities for observing the country and the people (though wonderfully little of our own army); and without dwelling on particulars, he has altogether produced an agreeable and striking picture of the scenes and incidents which attracted his attention. Evidently a well-educated gentleman, and endowed with an apt talent for observation, he has, without aiming at the regular and imposing style of travelling and book-making, sent forth a very various and entertaining book, on a sub-

ject rendered popular both by preceding and existing circumstances.

It shall be our task to illustrate it, beginning with Oporto, where the author landed in May 1812, and took up his abode at Joseph Longstaff's hotel. Here he obtained a professor to teach him a few lessons of Portuguese, and tells us—

"On the following day, precisely at the appointed hour, he knocked at my door, and so much altered in appearance, that I scarcely believed him to be the same person I had previously seen: his cocked hat was of the most exaggerated description of cocked hats, his hair profusely powdered, his breeches black silk, shoes resplendent with large silver buckles, and a gold-headed cane in his hand;—just such a creature, in short, as you meet in Duke's Place on a Saturday. After depositing his watch on the table, not without complimenting himself on his extreme punctuality, he began to read aloud, with a great deal of action, to afford me, as he was pleased to say, some idea of the harmony of the language. Now such words as, not, then, are, &c. being in constant recurrence, and these, written *nao*, *saõ*, *entaõ*, being all pronounced, *nõng*, *sõng*, *entõng*, you may form some tolerable notion how extremely melodious such a language must be! My mouth has nearly been twisted awry in submitting to half-a-dozen lessons; and then there is a sort of high and low tone to be acquired, which leaves me in despair of ever attaining to proficiency. The language nevertheless has its beauties, a great part of which is comprised in the diminutives, which the people of Oporto, it is said, affect more than any other part of the kingdom. A Portuguese woman who keeps a shop of all sorts not many doors from Longstaff's hotel, is married to a huge strapping fellow, by name *Senor Thomas*, by whom she has three children. Him she calls *Senor Thomazino*; her eldest girl, *Joannina*, answers to the appellative *Raparega*, the second to that of *Menina*, while the infant is huddled with such soft words as *coitadinha*, *povrazita*, &c."

He proceeds—

"It remains now to give you some account of the society at Longstaff's. You will of course have heard, before this time, of the storming of Badajoz. A few days ago, several officers arrived here, as well to recruit themselves after their fatigues and dangers, as to dispose of some odd articles of plunder. I have found a very pleasant acquaintance in Captain —, of the — regiment, one of the most distinguished in General Picton's division; also with Lieutenant —, of — regiment. The captain has two or three massy silver chalices, as his hard-earned share of the spoil. Nothing could withstand the gallantry of our brave fellows. Picton was quite a prodigy. A few hours previous to the assault, he was seen hobbling about under a most painful attack of gout or rheumatism; and how he contrived to climb a ladder fifty feet in height, and be among the first on the ramparts, is really most surprising. It is frightful to hear a recital of the many abominations which occurred during the first fury of the sack—it was one wide indiscriminate scene of plundering, butchery, and ravishing. Captain — told me, that he was induced to enter a house, in consequence of hearing the dreadful shrieks of females; and here he found two soldiers of his own regiment, and a mother and daughter on their knees before them, supplicating for mercy. It was the utmost he could do to prevail on them to leave the house; for all military subordination was dissolved in that uncontrolled licentious-

ness which is regarded as the just reward of successful valour. Every place which was supposed to contain spirits was speedily broken into, and the scenes which ensued from the fury of the men to possess themselves of this liquid fire, are almost too horrible to gain belief. It was no uncommon sight to find, next morning, two British soldiers lying dead in the streets, pierced through with each other's bayonet, while the keg or bottle, the fatal cause of such mutual massacre, was lying between them."

Having here introduced the name of Picton, we shall (from near the end of the volume), add some further account of that brave and singular man, at Vittoria—

"The gallant general had been for some time under a cloud; the principal cause of which is stated to have been his rough and unpliant temper. The third division had always been called, par excellence, 'the fighting division,' being ever foremost where danger was the greatest. During the late advance, however, they had been saddled with the scaling ladders, and other necessary lumber of the army, and this had greatly annoyed Picton, and contributed to produce still greater ebullitions of temper, which it would have been more prudent in him to have restrained. On the march, head-quarter's baggage has the privilege of continuing its route, without turning aside to allow any troops to pass it. One day, Picton overtaking it with his division, ordered it off the road until he had marched by. A part complied, but Lord Wellington's butler refused to obey, pleading head-quarter privilege. Upon this, it is said, that Picton struck him with the umbrella which he usually carried to defend his eyes, which were weak, from the sun, and accompanied his castigation with a threat of having him tied up and flogged by the provost-marshal, if he did not immediately give way to the division. In the battle of Vittoria, Picton did not think that such a post was assigned to his troops as their oft-ried valour seemed to challenge. An aide-de-camp of Lord Wellington riding up to him shortly after the engagement was begun, and about the time Lord Dalhousie was expected to débouche, inquired of the general, 'whether he had seen his lordship?' Picton's voice was never very musical, and on this occasion it was absolutely hoarse. 'No, sir,' was the reply, 'I have not seen him—but have you any orders for me, sir?' 'None,' said the aide-de-camp. 'Then, pray sir, what are the orders you bring?' 'That, as soon as Lord Dalhousie shall commence an attack upon that bridge, the fourth and sixth divisions are to support him.' Picton, drawing himself up and putting his arms a-kimbo, then said, 'You may tell Lord Wellington from me, sir, that the third division, under my command, shall in less than ten minutes attack the bridge and carry it, and the fourth and sixth divisions may support if they choose!' Upon this the gallant general mounted his horse, and putting himself at the head of his troops, waved his hat, and led them on to the charge with the bland compellations of 'Come on, ye rascals! come on, ye fighting villains!' The bridge was carried in a few minutes. These particulars I had from Colonel —, who was badly wounded in the battle, and is at present laid up in Vittoria. At a village in front of the bridge, called either *Arinez* or *Gomacha*, the — regiment, under Major —, lost, as Picton said, all the honours they had won. They would have been cut to pieces, had not the forty-second come up and relieved them. Major — is reported to have

been found skulking in an old house. Here it may be said the battle was gained, although the fighting continued all along the high road to Vittoria. The houses in the villages, and the trees by the way-side, still bear testimony to the musket and cannon balls which were expended; while bones of men and horses, fragments of plates, pieces of wadding, old caps, relics of jackets, and cartouche-boxes, bits of rags, buttons, and shoes, are speaking mementos of this glorious and bloody day. This victory, obtained with comparatively small loss on our side, has been the most useful as well as most signal one in the Peninsula. It is often the resource of ignorant generals to risk an engagement:—when they are at a loss what to do, as Marshal Saxe observed, they fight a battle:—but in the present instance, the French had their choice of either fighting or relinquishing the Peninsula; and so confident were they of victory, so secure in the fancied strength of their position, that even the probability of a defeat seems never to have occurred to their presumptuous minds. The plunder on the field was immense. All the spoils of six long years of rapine became concentrated here. Even the wives and mistresses of the French officers were present in carriages and on horses, as though they had come out to see a review; and the scene which ensued when they found themselves deserted by the prestiges of their fortune, and our cavalry dashing in amongst them for the purpose of taking tender charge of their persons and property, defies all description."

While at Oporto, our author, of course, saw something of the wine business; and he tells us—

"Oporto may be said to possess but one handsome street, viz. the Rua Nova dos Ingleses, at one end of which is Longstaff's hotel, and at the other the factory house of the wine company, to which every foreigner has access by a proper introduction. Here I was permitted to taste several samples of the primest Duero. One parcel, known by the name of the Duke of York's wine, is the boast of the factory, and prized as a *bonne-bouche* not inferior to the stuff you and I have somewhere read of, which was bottled during the consulship of Opimius, and drunk 200 years after. There is a great difference, however, between the wine you taste here, and that unsophisticated juice which the Portuguese themselves drink. In short, the factory is a laboratory where wine is composed to suit the vitiated tastes of our good people at home. Your citizen, for example, requires a generous roughness; accordingly, the hulls of the grapes are suffered to steep about seventy hours in the must, instead of twenty-four, which the natives deem sufficient. The Greek *bon-vivans*, you know, who were so indifferent arbiters of taste, were in the habit of mixing their wines with a small portion of sea-water, to prevent a determination to the head. The factory, in compliance with our unclassic notions, oblige us with one-fifth of brandy (*agoo-dente*), to produce a contrary effect, thereby shewing themselves an honest exception to most merchants, who generally endeavour to *lower* the strength of their liquors."

In an excursion up the river Duero, he also says—

"I landed at a beautiful little village on the right bank, and was hospitably received at the quinta of an old gentleman, who is one of the greatest vine growers in the district. I was regaled at supper with a bottle of the genuine juice, old and oily; my patron entertaining me the meanwhile with an account of the wine factory at Oporto. Its founder was the great

Marquis de Pombal. Ardent in every thing he undertook, this statesman was enlightened by a genius which never failed to direct his operations, and ensure their success. The better to induce the vine growers of the Duero to embark in this speculation, he commenced by instituting a bank, which was engaged to pay nearly twelve per cent for money deposited, the principal being sunk for twenty years. For every 400  $\times$  000 (500 dollars) which a proprietor of vineyards had in this fund, he was entitled to one *accao* (or dot). Ten of these *accões*, arising from the invested sum of 4,000  $\times$  000, entitled him to one entire vote, whereas any thing short of this sum only gave him the fraction of a vote. These votes were for the purpose of choosing inspectors and deputies of the factory. If any vine grower belonging to this company stood in need of a sum of money, not exceeding the actual value of his estate, the factory were bound to lend it, taking only three per cent for the use. The produce of the Duero and the demand for foreign consumption are both equally uncertain: but the merchants could generally guess pretty nearly the quantity they were likely to dispose of. We will say, for example, that they laid their calculation at 30,000 pipes for any given year. One inspector or taster of wines was then appointed by the factory, and another by the growers, to purchase this quantity from the proprietors of vineyards, in a proportion regulated by the extent of their respective properties. These functionaries arriving on the Duero, find the produce of the year amounting to 60,000 pipes. What then could the proprietors do with the remaining 30,000, a quantity much greater than home consumption would require, and which, if suffered to remain in hand, would prejudice the vintage of the following year? To remedy this, the factory was bound to purchase one-third of the remainder, and to distil it into *agoo dente* on the spot. Since the death of the marquis, the greatest abuses have crept into the society, to the great oppression of the smaller proprietors of vineyards. In the district of Oporto, no one can sell wine for home consumption, which does not come immediately from the factory. In the society above described, every man who could command ten votes was eligible to the office of inspector or deputy, in which he was allowed to continue only two years. Every thing now is very different; a great many English merchants are possessed of large estates on the Duero, and the whole is a sad monopoly. The wine at present is very cheap, being about 38  $\times$  000 (47½ dollars) per pipe; whereas last year it exceeded 100  $\times$  000."

"I arose at day-break, and found my old patron already stirring. He pointed out his vineyards rising in majesty above his beautiful quinta. The regularity of the vineyards upon spots so rugged and steep is truly surprising. The ridges rise one above the other in the exactest order. They have just concluded the first summer pruning, and are beginning to distil the *agoo dente* for the ensuing vintage. This part of the Duero yields the richest wine. It is almost black, and flows thick and smooth like oil. The body of it in its first year is quite surprising. The old man took me to visit his wine store, cut out in the mountain and stocked with eleven vats; and with these eleven filled, he was accounted the richest proprietor on the Duero. The store also contained the press and still for making the *agoo dente*, without a small proportion of which the wine would not keep to any age."

From drink the transition is not unnatural to meat, and we shall give our readers a sample of the messes to be found in these parts—*first* of Spanish soldiers on a march—

"The troops bivouacked in the streets, as the houses could scarcely contain all the officers of the staff. Large fires were kindled immediately, and every shed, found empty, pulled down for the purpose of converting its timber into fuel. I was amused with the Spaniards' mode of messing. The biscuit allowed to a mess is put into a cauldron of water, vegetables of any kind, cabbage, onions, garlic, may even thistles, being added. When sufficiently boiled, the mess is summoned by a serjeant, and consists of fifteen or sixteen, exclusive of two or three women and children. The women being allowed but half the rations which a man receives, and a child but one fourth part, the distribution is effected in the following equitable manner:—they all form a circle round the cauldron, each furnished with a tin pot and spoon. At the first signal the men advance, and take out a spoonful. At the second, the men and women advance together. At the third, the men only. At the fourth, men, women, and children; and they go on in this order until the whole is eaten up."

*Secondly*, a home dinner—

"My Spanish host engaged me to dine with him. A large party assembled at two o'clock, and we immediately proceeded to the attack of an *olio*, a magnificent dish, and worthy of an Archestratus. In composition, it was, as you may say, rather heterogeneous. Beef and sausages, mutton and bacon cut into small pieces, sorrel and saffron, pigeons and pimento—all stewed together and disposed round a large turkey. Then for sauce, chopped chestnuts and chaloats, cauliflowers and hard eggs boiled in butter. I fancy I hear you say that this mess outdoes that of the doctor in Peregrine Pickle; but if you will not take my word for its goodness, try it; and if not immediately registered in the family receipt-book, or published in the next edition of that valuable 'System of Domestic Cookery,' I renounce for ever all pretensions to gastronomie. The white wine of Navarre (from the neighbourhood of Roncevallos) was excellent, and the red of Rioeca only tolerable, as it flavoured most abominably of the skin. The Spaniards still use this primitive method of transporting their wine in pellicos (or sheep-skins dressed with pitch). Two of these mishapen-looking bottles when full are a mule load, and are much more easily carried than two barrels could be."

Treating of the manners of the people, it may be as convenient for us here as any where else, to exhibit them by a few selected extracts and anecdotes.

"It is entirely to Marshal Beresford that the Portuguese are indebted for being what they are. He has been to them what the Count de Lippe was in former times, the creator of a regular army out of a heap of confusion. To effect this he was compelled to have recourse to measures of severity, which shocked at first the pride of the nation. The command of regiments had generally been reserved for those of noble families, without any regard to their military talents. Boys, and even infants, as sons of *fidalgos*, were gazetted to various ranks. The attention of their new leader was soon called to such abuses; and some of Lord Beresford's early general orders contain such notices as these:—'Illmo Señor, Major of — is superseded in his command, not being able to write his name;—' Illmo Señor —, Capi-

tao of —, is also superseded, having been seen embracing a common soldier, to the subversion of military discipline,' &c. I picked up an anecdote the other day, which I thought laughable. It was at the governor's table, on the feast of St. Anthony, the patron saint of the Portuguese. When the people of this nation threw off the Spanish yoke, the entire success of the enterprise was attributed to the plenary protection of St. Anthony; and the new king (John IV.) was compelled to declare his saintship generalissimo of his armies. The monarch, they say, blushed to countenance the superstition, but was obliged to meet the wishes of an enthusiastic people who had just presented him with a crown. The bust of the saint was accordingly carried in solemn procession; and being placed at the head of the army, was, with a most unexampled celerity of promotion, endured successively with the uniforms and insignia of the various grades. He was first made Corporal St. Anthony, Serjeant St. Anthony, Capitão St. Anthony, and then Generalissimo St. Anthony. The bust was always carried at the head of the troops. All orders were issued in his name. But, alas! in the first rencontre with the enemy in the neighbourhood of Sabugal, a fatal shot carried away St. Anthony's head! Universal terror immediately pervaded the ranks, and the simple Portuguese paid for their superstition at the price of a total defeat."

The conclusion next Saturday.

*Richmond; or, Scenes in the Life of a Bow Street Officer.* Drawn up from his own Private Memoranda. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1827.

THIS at least is a variety in our literature; and, as the story goes, Richmond should be Townsend; a name of great note in the annals of Bow Street and thief-taking. Who the coadjutor is to whom the captivating officer is indebted for clothing his scenes in captivating narrative, we cannot tell. In our opinion, he has rather adorned too much: more of the facts and less of the ornaments would be better; and as this series of novels may run to as many volumes as the Waverley series (for there must be plenty of materials), we would advise, that the sequel be written in the matter of fact vein.

The production, altogether, is a curious one; and though the character of it almost of necessity led to the description of vulgarity and vice, it is but doing the doer justice to say, that he has taken considerable pains to avoid offending his readers with lowness and slang-ribaldry.\* Indeed, he professes to have a moral in view; for he tells us in conclusion—

"My purpose will be answered if what I have recorded in these volumes shall serve to beguile an idle hour, or show to those who are inexperienced, the innumerable snares which beset the path of life, particularly in this overgrown and bustling metropolis."

We are not aware whether the circumstances related are strictly true, but they certainly have that appearance, and seem, further, to be more modern instances than belong to the early career of old Townsend. Perhaps, readers better acquainted with the history of police than we are, may even recognise some of the parties and affairs as being of very recent date. If not so, the allusions and quotations in the narrative are strangely anachronismal, for they refer to what has passed and what has been published within the last twenty years.

\* Not always with perfect success: there is a Mrs. Figg scene, for example, which good taste must reprove.

The first volume gives the youthful life of the pseudo-auto-biographer. A boy, twelve years old, he steals gooseberries and apples, and falls in love. To cure him of love, he is sent to school; and describes with some humour, the seminary for young gentlemen, kept by Mr. and Mrs. Figgens. During the holidays, the love fit recurs, and as school exercises are thus found to be ineffectual as a remedy for the disease, he is next placed on a stool at a merchant's desk in Liverpool. From this he runs away, and turns strolling player; and as soon as he is installed in the Romeo-line, persuades his sweetheart to abscond and join him in the Juliet-way. Driven from this profession, they become connected with a gipsy gang, headed by a romantic gentleman (Wilton), who is regardless of all laws save those which love has made. Our hero is about to follow his example and make Anne his own, after the manner of the Egyptians, when she is seized with fever and dies. He then comes to London—meets an old strolling friend, now on the establishment of Bow Street—is recommended by him—and enlists in his great career as a Bow Street officer. In this capacity, several adventures are described;—such as the recovery of a child, mysteriously carried off; the apprehension of resurrection-men; the detection of a conspiracy, and laying of a ghost; the tracing of high swindlers through all their proceedings, and exposing the guilty contrivances of a gambling-house; the combats by land and water with desperate smugglers and ruffians; unfolding the cheats of the Fancy, at wrestling, boxing, horseracing, &c., &c., &c.; touching all which, all those who are curious for information, will find much in these pages.

It will not be expected that the *Literary Gazette* should go into many or long examples of such a performance: two or three stragglers will suffice to exhibit its various features. Of the serious, the death of Anne, on the banks of Windermere—

"For two or three days she struggled in great suffering under the violence of the fever, till it was apparent to us all that she could not survive, as death was already marked in her countenance. I was inconsolable, and little less distracted and delirious with self-reproaches than she was from the fatal disorder, which soon, alas! numbered my lovely and betrothed Anne with the dead. This fatal stroke deprived me, for the time, of all thought and all energy. I gave myself up to bitter sorrow and remorse. She had fallen a victim to my rash romancing; and I was now punished, by her irretrievable loss, for my wild folly. O! had I but betaken myself, I thought, to some steady, sober, every-day sort of life, she might yet have been alive to brighten my hopes: now I had hastened her end, and I was left a solitary wanderer, without a home and without an aim—lonely, helpless, and hopeless. In the midst of my distress I was surprised by the unexpected arrival of Wilton, on his way to join us at Rydal Water. In any other mood I should have rejoiced at this meeting; but as I expected that he would again assail me with his mock consolations, I looked upon his arrival as an unwelcome intrusion. I had strangely mistaken the character of Wilton. Instead of showing any heartless frivolity, he seemed little less affected than myself; and said every thing that kind-hearted interest could suggest to soothe my grief. To save my feelings, Wilton offered to take upon himself the funeral arrangements, which it would be necessary to proceed with immediately. The nearest churchyard was at some distance; but

he thought that immaterial, he said; and, if I had no unconquerable predilection in favour of consecrated ground, he should himself prefer to have her buried at the head of the dell. 'And think you not,' said he, breaking out into one of his rhapsodies, 'that the redbreast will sing a sweeter dirge from his thorn than the artificial toll of the church bells?—and that the grass will spring fresher and greener under the dew of the weeping birches than among the rank graves of every boor and beggar? Instead, also, of the lurid nightshade, hemlock, henbane, and thickets of nettles, here will the early violet woo the winds of March with beauty; and the rath primrose, blooming on the mossy bank, will charm away the lingering chills of winter, light the budding cope with its sunny smile, and welcome the nightingale's return to his native woods. Here is wild nature unheeded and free—there is art with her paltry enclosure, her rude grave-stones, and ruder epitaphs. O! how I should hate to be buried in a rank churchyard! Old father Abraham made choice of the field of the Hittite with its trees; and I should like to follow his patriarchal example, and rest my bones in such a pretty dell as this, with the mountains above, the lake below, and the fresh winds playing over my grave. I would sing with the Northern Minstrel,

'Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down,  
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,  
With here and there a violet bestrown,  
Fast by a brook, or fountain's bubbling wave;  
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.'

I was quite carried away by his enthusiastic raptures. It was a subject, indeed, I had never thought of; but as this doctrine of his raving fancy was such as would have accorded well with the notions of the deceased, after some hesitation I gave my assent. The day arrived. I could have wished it a gloomy one; but, on the contrary, the weather had cleared up, and the sun shone brightly. I was almost angry with the blithe aspect of the fields, and the clear blue of the firmament, so little in unison with my hopeless sorrow; though the general calm of nature, as it always does, threw a quiet over my mind, so that I had not hoped to experience. I was, indeed, sad; but had the comfort of seeing all those around me sympathising for my irreparable loss. The last offices were performed with as much solemnity, according to the simple customs of the gipsies, as if they had been honoured with the full service of a cathedral."

Of the official intelligence displayed, the following will afford a sample:—

"I found that it was little less difficult to procure beds at Lyndhurst during the race-week, contemptible as I had imagined the sport would be, than at Doncaster or Epsom at a similar period. The landlord of the inn at which I put up, however, had, to increase the number of his rooms, hit upon a contrivance which I have sometimes seen practised in country inns, to meet extraordinary demands for accommodation. This was, to divide such rooms as were large enough to be divisible by means of a temporary wooden partition, which slid in grooves, and could be removed when no longer wanted. Into one of these half or quarter apartments (I am not certain which it was) I obtained admission, by paying about thrice the ordinary price of the best room which mine host had; and I was not displeased to find that he had put the titled gamblers into the divisions next mine. These were larger and better furnished; but I suppose they cared not, in the mean-time, for accommodation, so that they

could succeed in their designs. Thady returned rather late, with the excuse that he had been having a drop, to make him comfortable at the same time that he got thereby gracious with a brother tippler who was under-groom to Sir Byam, and had found means to pry into more of their schemes than they had any notion of. Many servants, indeed, make this the occasion of extorting considerable sums of money from their profligate masters, when they are knowing enough to give hints which cannot be misunderstood. Some will even go so far as to provoke their masters to quarrel with them and threaten to dismiss them, in order to get a good opportunity for introducing their private knowledge with the more effect and advantage; and when by such conduct they have once got their masters into their power, they take care to put them in frequent remembrance of it, at the expense of their purses. Whether Jack Dobson, Sir Byam's under-groom, was playing a game of this sort, I cannot tell: but over his glass, Thady found means to get out of him all he knew of the history of his master's expedition to the Lyndhurst races. From Dobson's account, it would appear that the gamblers had picked up a fool of the first water, descended by the father's side from a family of West India planters, and by the mother's from an African princess, whom the chances of negro warfare had consigned to slavery in the British colonies. This young creole, as I suppose I may call him, was immensely rich, and passionately fond of showing it by spending his money in making himself ridiculous, under the notion that he was an eccentric, and that eccentricity was the best passport to fashion. Upon one point the gamblers found him not so well adapted for their modes of plunder—he had imbibed the idea that gambling was a stupid, common-place amusement, which every booby took to; and that, therefore, no gentleman eccentric would think of touching a card, a cue, or a dice-box. Betting, indeed, he might occasionally be brought into, as it saved him the trouble of thinking and arguing; but he was not inclined to bet upon ordinary matters. It must be something out of the common line to strike his fancy; such, for instance, as—which of two live frogs would leap highest and farthest? or, whether a hedge-hog or a guinea-pig would swim best in a horse-pond? Upon such matters as these, which he looked upon as the essence of high eccentricity and ton, he would as freely sport his thousands as a chimney-sweeper would bet his sixpence upon a game of chuck-farthing. Such, it appeared, was Mr. Ellice Blizard, who had been persuaded by the gamblers that all the *crack* races, as they are termed, were becoming quite a bore, and only fit for the everyday vulgar; that blood-horses were now stale, and as plenty as blackberries; and that in a few years nobody, who had any pretensions to ton, would patronise the Derby, the Oaks, or the St. Ledger. But at Lyndhurst, in the New Forest, they continued, there were races really worth patronising, if any gentleman of influence would be eccentric enough to countenance them, and lead the ton where there was so fine an opening. It was meant, of course, that if Mr. Blizard, who was a gentleman of influence, at least in his own estimation, would go down to Lyndhurst and patronise the forest races, they must soon eclipse all the *crack* blood-horse races in the kingdom, whilst his name would be immortalised as the leader of the fashionable world. Blizard, notwithstanding all the tempting baits in this well-laid snare, was not, however, caught till he was told that the race-horses at

Lyndhurst were not only real denizens of the forest, but actually wild horses caught on purpose; many of which would fly open-mouthed at the grooms who were mounting them. The notion of a wild horse-race was precisely the thing to tickle Blizard's fancy, and he decided to go; while Sir Byam, Lord Blank, and their friends, had equally decided to rook Blizard, before his return, of as many thousands as they could prevail upon him to venture upon what they were pleased to call wild horses. This, however, was only the first part of their design, the mere opening or prologue of the play which they intended to enact. It was necessary not only to buy forest horses—that they could easily do for twelve, fifteen, or twenty pounds a horse—but to ascertain their comparative mettle and powers of running; otherwise their bets would be mere lottery and dabbling in the dark; and Blizard, fool though he was, might by chance succeed at such a game as well as any of them. It was upon such a trial of skill respecting their newly purchased forest racers, that they had been on the race lawn when I first described them. As soon as this had been ascertained, they would play their cards accordingly, with some certainty of winning."

"I overheard, through the thin boarded partition which divided my apartment from theirs, the following conversation between Sir Byam and Lord Blank. 'I think,' said Sir Byam, 'we have the raff now as tight as a glove. Mum is the word, you know.' 'But has he brought any stuff with him, do you know? Has he 'put money in his purse?' 'N'importe; his note of hand will do as well; or I think we may take his word itself when witnesses are by.' 'I sha'n't, for one. For mark ye, Finch, he manages all his concerns, I find, through a rascally pettyfogging attorney; and if he smoke out a debt of honour to the tune of a few thousands, he may tip us something unpleasant, don't you see?' 'Gad! you are quite out there. Blizz is too much afraid of losing caste. He would not, I am convinced, shrink his word to save him from beggary.' 'O! you don't know the lawyers. They are deeper than we, a devilish deal; and a raff like Blizz is so easily bammed. A shrewd attorney might readily persuade him to any thing, even to the making over all his property to said attorney, and turning hermit.' 'Ay, I grant you he might be gulled into such a whim, but it would be to gain the laurel of eccentricity; a very different affair from cutting the *haut ton* by shirking a debt of honour, and taking advantage of the gambling laws.' 'Well, if we can't make it better, we must rest content, though I prefer the bankers. But what is to be done about the odds on the grey, and saddling him with that stiff-jawed colt?' 'O! Jones will manage that. He undertakes to persuade him that the colt is the better horse—quite *wild*—only caught yesterday—and fit to run down the fleetest buck that ever started: while we carry the grey against the field at any odds we can persuade him to.'"

It is however difficult, impossible, to give a full idea of this publication by means of extracts, as the stories are so involved as to be unsuceptible of separation; and to enter into particulars would far exceed our bounds. Thady, an Irishman, is a well-drawn character. The gipseys are also remarkable; and there is some poetry, not much in place, but pretty in itself. A good deal of sentimentality is also rather out of keeping with the hero's profession; but criticism would be equally at fault upon it, and therefore we deliver *Richmond* up to public justice.

*A Widow's Tale, and other Poems.* By Bernard Barton. 12mo. pp. 155. London, 1827. J. B. Holdsworth.

THERE is much to commend in this little volume;—simple, unaffected piety, good and kindly feeling, often gracefully expressed. Mr. Barton's talents would perhaps have held a higher station, had they taken a wider range; as it is, they are addressed to a peculiar class, among whom they will, as they deserve, meet with great popularity. But the following poems will shew that even the general reader may well be attracted to these pages.

"The Dead.

"Number the grains of sand outspread  
Wherever Ocean's billows flow;  
Or count the bright stars over head,  
As these in their proud courses glow;

Count all the tribes on earth that creep,  
Or that expand the wing in air;  
Number the hosts that in the deep  
Existence and its pleasures share;

Count the green leaves that in the breath  
Of Spring's blithe gale are dancing fast;  
Or those, all faded, sure in death,  
Which flit before the wintry blast!—

Ay! number these, and myriads more,  
All countless as they seem to be;  
There still remains an ample store  
Untold by, and unknown of thee.

Askest thou—"Who, or what be they?"  
Oh! think upon thy mortal doom;  
And with anointed eye survey  
The silent empire of the tomb!

Think of all those who erst have been  
Living as thou art—even now;  
Looking upon life's busy scene  
With glance as careless, light, as thou.

All these, like thee, have lived and moved,  
Have seen—what now thou lookest upon,  
Have feared, hoped, hated, mourned, or loved,  
And now from mortal sight are gone.

Yet, though unseen of human eye,  
Their relics slumber in the earth—  
The boon of immortality  
To them was given with vital birth.

They *were*; and, having been, they *are*!  
Earth but contains their mould'ring dust;  
Their deathless spirits, near or far,  
With thine must rise to meet the just.

Thou know'st not but they hover near,  
Witness of every secret deed,  
Which, shunning human eye or ear,  
The spirits of the dead may heed.

An awful thought it is to think  
The viewless dead out-number all  
Who, bound by life's connecting link,  
Now share with us this earthly ball.

It is a thought as dread and high,  
And one to wake a fearful thrill,  
To think, while all who live must die,  
The dead, the dead, are living still!"

"To the Stars.

"Ye brightly beaming stars!  
Have ye no music as ye roll along?  
Or is it that to us earth's discord mars  
Your heavenly song?

The music of the spheres!  
Was it a fiction of the olden time?  
Or are there not who hear with wakeful ears  
That strain sublime?

Let thought still hear you raise  
The joyful anthem which ye sang of yore;  
And as the sons of God then join'd your praise,  
Let man adore!"

We should always rejoice to see this volume on any table. It is much to have even one serious thought awakened; and many a chance seed has brought forth good fruit.

*A Treatise on Catholic Exercises. Arranged for the Private Tuition of Ladies.* By Signor Voarino. Accompanied by illustrative Figures. 8vo. pp. 68. London, 1827. N. Hailes.

WHEN one takes up a book of this sort, it naturally raises the question—What were women intended for in civilised life? To enchant mankind by feminine loveliness of person,

grace society by gentleness of mind, contrast with the rougher sex their own far more exquisite fineness of spirit and divine sensibility of soul, be angels in disposition as in form, and so beautifully discharge all those duties which humanity assigns to them as the fountains, nurseries, and consolars of the race, that they might seem rather beings to be adored than the mere equals and companions of men?—or to box a lover, horsewhip a husband, "whop" a jarvey, and floor a charley?

To gentle and proper exercise for youthful females at school, no objection can be urged; on the contrary, the too-sedentary and moped-up system ought to be reprobated and discontinued. But when you come to teach grown-up women, —wives, mothers, and for aught we know, grandmothers *et supra*, how to handle a pike and jump over a dinner-table,—it is possible that the gymnastical part of education may be carried too far. And after all, even as it regards the juvenile portion of females, it has still to be demonstrated that it is much better to manoeuvre a long pole than to drive a hoop, employ the skipping-rope, open the chest with dumb-bells, render the limbs supple by dancing, and straighten the spine by playing at

See-saw, Margery Daw!

Signor Voarino apologises, as a foreigner, for an imperfect acquaintance with our language;—perhaps he was not aware (as few travellers speak of them), that we had diversions like these just mentioned, and many others of the same kind—such, for example (for our critical knowledge is limited), as hunt the slipper, which gives dexterity of hand and ham; leap-frog, which strengthens the back (only occasionally indulged in, we believe, by merry girls); romps, which quicken all the faculties; tig, a rare game for universal corporeal agility; baseball, a nonsuch for eyes and arms; ladies' toilet, for vivacity and apprehension; spinning the plate, for neatness and rapidity; grass-hopping (alias shu-cock), for improving the physical powers; puss in the corner, and snap-tongs, for muscularity and fearlessness:—all these, and hundreds more, not so well known nor so much practised in London, perhaps, as in the country, we have had for ages; so that it looks ridiculous to bring out as a grand philosophical discovery, the art of instructing women how to have canes or sticks laid on their backs. We would wager the value of one of our *Literary Gossamers* to its price (a heavy and fearful odds), that Betty the housemaid, uninstructed in Calisthenic exercises, will beat the ablest pupil Signor Voarino can produce, in the twirl of a mop, the lavations of a broom, and all the forces and elasticities of action in the superior as well as inferior extremities. Is it a bet? done!

The exercise prescribed by the Signor, and illustrated by the plates, consists chiefly of various evolutions of the arms and limbs, something like those of opera-dancers and figurantes, only, we suppose, slower. *Ex gratia*: "Ninth exercise.—The pupil, without changing her position, must bring the right hand forward towards the middle of the body, then raise it in a straight line above and behind the head, keeping the elbow at the height of the shoulder, and lower the arm sideways, so as to replace it on the breast; she must perform the same movement with the left arm, as well as with the right and left alternately, and lastly with both together.—See Plate III. fig. 9."

Now, who would like to see their grown-up daughter or sister, and far less their beloved sweetheart or wife, cutting such a figure as this "figure 9"? For our parts, we would rather that their "muscular powers" were

never brought into "full action," than that they should be cultivated by such lessons. But we find it still worse, when we come "to the exercises of the lower extremities," the very first of which, though called "Simple Pace," is not at all simple to our apprehension.

"Simple Pace.—The pupils being placed on a line, and in the position described for the performance of the exercises of the superior extremities, at the words *simple pace*, they must place their hands on their hips, the fingers forward, and the thumb backward; at the word *march*, the movements are to be made by bending the right knee, and raising it as high as the hip, the toes pointing down, the instep stretched; they must then set down the foot, and do the same with the left, repeating the same exercise several times, without changing the position of the body."

The only comment upon which, that occurs to us, is, that it is lucky they are not obliged to use both legs together at the same time, as in the former exercise of both arms; because in that case, it strikes us they could not stand to their arms, but must fall prone on the ground.

As we advance, we discover motions, in our ignorant opinion still more objectionable, and rather obnoxious to our island notions of propriety. Only so far in the Calisthenic mystery as lesson 2, it is thus appointed:—

"The pupil placed with her hands on her hips, the shoulders thrown back, and the chest out, must perform this exercise *by raising the right leg extended forward as high as possible*, the instep stretched, the upper part of the body held back; she must then set it down, *raising at the same time the left leg*, and repeat the exercise several times without resting the heels on the ground."

In the next lesson, the body is to be thrown back, and the legs are to be bent backwards, "raising them as high as possible;" then follow instructions for crossing legs "as far as possible," first the right over the left, and then the left over the right, the hip stretched, and the toes touching the ground. In another lesson, how to put the arms a *kimbo* is taught; and at length we have a performance which quite staggers us:

"High step complicated.—The pupil placed in the same manner as in the preceding exercise, must execute this by hopping twice on the toes of the left foot, raising the right leg sideways as high as possible; then hopping twice on the right foot, raising the left leg in the same manner, she must bring the heels on a line; the same is to be done by raising the right leg forward and the left behind; and by a double hop change legs, bringing the left before and the right behind; then return to the *walking pace*. This exercise is to be performed without stopping."

We do not deem it necessary to travel along with the indefatigable Signor through his hundred and fifty lessons: of those with the cane, suffice it to say, that they appear to be borrowed from honest Pat's flourishing a shillelah, as performed time immemorial at Irish wakes and fairs. Take one of the shortest:

"The pupil, placed with both arms extended on a line with the shoulders, must make the cane turn round the body, beginning the movement by the left side, then returning to the right, and bringing the right foot before the left; she must begin by the right, returning by the left, and bringing the right foot before the left, walk several steps, and return afterwards by the same movement to her position."

Some of these movements would, we think, bother Pat a little, even in his highest glory at Donnybrook. Balancing is another of the Calisthenic branches, and apparently must throw an elegant and modest female into some pretty attitudes!

"The stick at the height of the head, the pupil must take hold of it with both hands, drawing backward the whole length of the cords, the arms extended, and the body resting on the toes; she must then spring forward as far as possible, the arms and knees bent, descend to the ground, the heels on a line, the arms raised high, and the chest thrown out; afterwards bend the arms, and return to her place, making the same movements."

"Flying round.—The pupil, placed at one of the extremities of the balance, the hands placed at a foot distance from each other, must move sideways, the cords extended their full length, walk in such a way as to describe a whole circle, moving the left leg to the left side, and the right leg crossing above the left; she must try to gain ground as much as possible to the left. As soon as the pupil is capable of performing this course easily, she must redouble her pace, and supporting her body by the strength of the arms, return to her first position: she must change hands, making the same movement on the opposite side: and she may then perform the *High step*, *double step*, *zigzag step*, and the *galloping pace*, running the same circle, and using the same means as in the *flying round*."

It is a sad thing to confess ourselves behind the lights, the illumination, and the philosophy, of the age in which we live; but in this Journal we never conceal the truth, and we do confess that we prefer hop-akip-and-jump to all Signor Voarino's Calisthenic improvements. He, indeed, in his conclusion, refers us to ancient authorities, and tells us that "Herodius, instructor of the great physician Hippocrates, was master of one of the Grecian Palæstræ, or Gymnasias, and frequently remarked, that the females under his tuition attained the enviable enjoyment of an uninterrupted flow of health and spirits." But against the obscure Herodius we would set the mighty Socrates! Will Signor Voarino contest with us, that Socrates would have liked to have had Xantippe a perfect mistress of her hands, her feet, and canes and sticks? able to employ them with every possible degree of agility and force? We presume he will not go to this extremity, even in support of his own system of Vir-ago making. And if he quotes the ancients, why does not he urge their example, also;—that we should have our fair dames rubbed all over with oil to render them slippery to adverse grasp,—why not *zupus*, if we are to have perfect gymnasia? Not wishing to have matters carried to such a pitch, even by "private tuition," yet though it were made, for security's and propriety's sakes, part of the office of confessors in Roman Catholic countries, or in Protestant lands a piece of the church discipline,—we are sorry that we must raise our voice against the Calisthenic amelioration of our charming countrywomen. They are so delightful as they are, that we would not for the world run any risk of spoiling, or even altering them. At any rate, let the experiment be tried elsewhere, in the master's own land, for instance, Italy. Let us see the Italian women made athletic, which they surely are not yet, or they must be far more than matches for the men—and if the process succeed with them, we will consent to its introduction among the barbarian families of Great Britain.

*Sketches in Ireland, descriptive of interesting and hitherto unnoticed Districts in the North and South.* 1 Vol. 12mo. W. Curry, junior, and Co. Dublin; C. Tait, London; W. Blackwood, Edinburgh. 1827.

LIGHT, various, and amusing, this volume is just what it professes to be; there are Irish anecdotes full of characteristic humour, descriptive sketches taken with the pencil of an artist, and fairy legends, the darlings! making a very well-written and entertaining volume. The following tale portrays the singular Irish belief in the "good people" so well, that we cannot do better than give it our readers.

"Manus M'Swine in this way had a fine boy taken from him, and one all head and mouth left in its stead; there it lay in the chimney corner, everlastingly bawling—the roar never out of its mouth except when it was cramming with milk and white bread; and the day the priest went to christen it, you would hear its bawls all over the hills and up to Lough Salt;—thus it lay the world's torment, until one day that Con M'Gilligan, the tailor, came.—Now Con used to come once a year to give a week's mending and making; and so he staid in the house a sewing, while Manus was abroad working, and the mistress went out to milk the cow; and just to make the needle run glibly through the cloth, Con began to lilt up a song, when with a squaking voice from the cradle in the hob the little crathur cried out, 'Con, jewel, go to the salt-box and take out an egg, my decent lad, and just dress it in the ashes for me, or I will cry so loud that it will spoil your singing.' 'O then,' says Con, 'is it you that spakes—by the powers, I all along knew you were nothing at all but a leaving of the good people—not the breadth of my nail will I go until you tell me who you are and all about yourself.' 'Well, now do, Con, make haste and roast the egg for me before the mistress comes in, and believe me it will be well for you.' So Con thought it all but dangerous to anger the crathur, and so he went and roasted the egg in the ashes, and afterwards, though he did not much like it, fed the urchin, who seemed to like mightily a fresh egg. 'Well, and now my sweet little fellow, who are you, and where did you come from? for sartin I am that you are not a natural bairn.' 'Oh then, Con, you never said a truer word than that—I am one of the good people—I am sent here by our king as a bit of a punishment; but next hollantide eve, please the pipes, I will be back and dancing on the moor braes round the Rock of Doune.' 'Well, and,' said Con, 'when and where were you born.' 'Tut, man, I was never born—I was once upon a time as pretty a winged angel in heaven as could be, as beautiful, as good, and as happy as the day was long; and there was terrible war there, for they that are devils now, rebelled and were turned out, and down they came falling head foremost, tumbling and rolling until they dropped into hell. I with all those who are now called good people, took neither hand nor part in the fray—we joined neither God nor devil; and so, because we were neither good nor bad, neither this thing nor that thing, God Almighty was pleased to turn us out—not indeed into hell, but here we came to flit up and down through the world—sometimes indeed for good, more times for bad—now merry—now sad, and here we are to be until the day of judgment, growing less and less, time after time, and I fear very much unless we mend our manners we must all of us in the end go to hell.—But no

more of that now, my dear Con, for its-a sore subject; you seem to be a good and likely boy, and know how to roast an egg, so, Con, dear, meet me the night of hollantide at the Rock:—I will be after making of your fortune.' The week before hollantide the child was observed to bawl no more; it would not sup any more milk; and one morning it was found stiff and cold in its cradle. To be sure Manus and his wife were not sorry to be so well rid of what was a vexation and a shame, and Manus went with a light heart with the unlucky thing under his arm, and he put it quietly in the churchyard on the north side of the old abbey, where the sun never shone upon it. Twenty times a day did Con M'Gilligan argufy with himself whether he would mind the fairy's bidding, and go to Doune Rock on the night of All-Souls, or not: 'twas head or harp between conscience and curiosity—and curiosity won the toss; and so he set out in the light of the full moon to the Rock. As he came near, and was turning the corner of a rocky ridge out of which an oak in former times used to grow, he found something drop from the tree on his shoulder, and looking up, he saw the natest little gentleman in the world sitting there just like an old acquaintance. 'I'm glad to see you, Con—and so you can put trust in the good people's word: and now it's I that will shew you that I am a gentleman, and up to my word to a hair's breadth; so now mind my bidding, and follow me; but first take this musheroon in your left hand, 'twill make you, while you hold it, as light, and thin, and small as myself: and mind for your life you don't name the name of God, or say a Pater Noster.' As Con had gone so far, he thought he might as well go on; so taking the musheroon from the fairy, in the twinkling of an eye, he became less than a nine-pin, and it was all his wonder that though his legs were so small he went as fast as thought; so thus they slid on, until they came to the side of the Rock where the fairies' door is, when his leader put his hand in his fob, took out a little key, and slipping it in the key-hole, before you could say Jack Robinson they were in the finest palace in the world. King Solomon, nor King David, nor King George, God bless him! neither have nor had such furniture, such household stuff, in kitchen or in parlour.—'And now,' says the fairy to Con, 'don't you want a little money? come this way with me and fill your pockets.' So they turned down an entry and came to a great iron grated door, with a huge padlock to it, which at the fairy's touch opened, and they entered into a sort of cellar, full of bags of gold. 'Make haste now, Con, and fill your pockets.' So Con set to work, and crammed as fast as he could; and just when he had all his pockets full, he cried out, 'thank God, I'm rich enough for ever!' He had no sooner said this, than crash, dash, went every thing about his ears; light left his eyes, and sense his brain; and on the following morning, as if awaking out of a sound sleep, he found himself lying at the mouth of the cave, and what was best of all, he found when he clapped his hands to his pockets, that they were full of good hard cash. So up he got, and as he was going towards home, says Con to himself, 'What came by fairies may go by fairies; if I stay here in this country, there may little luck or grace go along with me or my money.' So Con set off for Derry, and took shipping for New York, as he heard for sartin that fairies never go as far as America; and there he lived and died—and there his children are rich people to this very day.' "

There are many very singular facts relative

to the strange and degrading superstitious practised by the lower classes: and altogether, both as entertaining and curious, we cordially recommend these pages. We believe the author is the Rev. Cesar Otway, and that some of the Sketches have previously appeared in a Dublin periodical: but they are indeed so replete with character, and so forcibly drawn, that they merit to be as generally known as the press can make them.

#### SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

*Catalogue de Spécifications, &c.; Catalogue of Patents taken out in France, from the 1st of July, 1791, to the 1st of July, 1825.* 1 vol. 8vo. Paris, 1826.

WE do not know any work which contains a greater mass of instruction than the present volume: it is a list to which genius, folly, and ignorance, have all furnished their quota. There are no fewer than forty-five patents for steam-engines, and about thirty more have been taken out up to January 1, 1827; yet there are not above three of them now in use. About fifty patents are for lamps:—there are in fact patents of all kinds, down to a carpenter's bench; and a dozen for holding wet umbrellas, which have this advantage—of giving the person who leaves first, the opportunity of choosing, as hats and shawls change owners at routs and balls.

The resumé of the patents taken out in each year furnishes a curious and interesting view of the influence of political events on industry.

1791. 3d and 4th quarter .....	34
1792. 1st, 2d, and 3d quarters 29; 4th none ..	29
1793. 1st quarter 2; 3d none; 3d 1/2 .....	4
2d Republican year, beginning 22d September, 1st quarter 1; 2d, 3; 3d, 1; 4th none ..	4
3d. 1st quarter 1; 2d, 3; 3d, 1; 4th none ..	5
4th .....	8
5th .....	10
6th .....	12
7th .....	10
8th .....	16
9th .....	34
10th .....	39
11th .....	45
12th .....	44
13th .....	63
14th from 22 Sept. 1805, to 31 Dec. 1825 ..	17
1806. ....	84
1807. ....	66
1808. ....	61
1809. ....	52
1810. ....	93
1811. ....	96
1812. ....	96
1813. ....	88
1814. 1st qr. 12; 2d, none; 3d, 14; 4th, 27 ..	53
1815. 1st, 21; 2d, 15; 3d, 15; 4th, 26 .....	77
1816. ....	115
1817. ....	162
1818. ....	153
1819. ....	158
1820. ....	151
1821. ....	180
1822. ....	175
1823. ....	187
1824. ....	217
1825. 1st and 2d quarters .....	161
1826. 3d and 4th quarters .....	
1826. 1st and 2d quarters .....	

*Demonologia; or, Natural Knowledge Revealed: being an Exposé of Ancient and Modern Superstitions, &c.* By J. S. F. 12mo. pp. 438. London, 1827. J. Bumpus. Much of information—much of amusement, in the shape of curious facts and entertaining anecdotes,—are comprised in these pages. Strange it is, to mark the various shapes in which human credulity has displayed its easiness of belief. The oracles of old, auguries, horoscopes, dreams, ghosts, witchcraft, oracles,

- Louis XVI. beheaded.
- † Marie Antoinette beheaded.
- ‡ Reign of Terror: Robespierre.
- § Buonaparte Emperor.
- || Restoration of the Bourbons.

alchemy, &c., are here brought forward; and we can enter into the details with all the pleased feelings of conscious superiority. Altogether, this is a very curious and amusing volume.

#### British Farmer's Magazine, Nos. I. and II.

THIS agricultural magazine is a continuation in London of that very respectable quarterly periodical, the "Farmer's Magazine," published in Edinburgh, and which was discontinued last year, in consequence of the pressure of circumstances which so greatly affected the publishing business. It contains a great mass of various information on the very interesting and important subject of agriculture; and presents us with original papers on agricultural improvements or defects; as well as discussions of those questions between the cultivators and manufacturers, which have so long agitated the public mind. It also reviews agricultural works. Biographical sketches of eminent agriculturists, with an obituary, and reports of country sports, are new additions in this magazine. The Second Number gives a sketch of the life of Mr. Coke, of Norfolk; and is ornamented with portraits, engraved by T. Landseer, of a British boar and a French hog, a pair of the same kind of animals, forming a very singular contrast. Indeed, to those who have not seen the French swine, the latter will appear quite a caricature, though it is as correct a likeness as that of its antipode, the British boar. This magazine, like the Gardener's, is published quarterly.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### OUR NATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

It is now generally understood that the house erected for his late Royal Highness the Duke of York will be appropriated to the reception of several of our National Institutions. It is stated, that the Royal and Antiquarian Societies have already had it intimated that apartments would be assigned to them; and within these two days the building has been examined, in order to ascertain its fitness to have the National Gallery constructed in the centre, which is lighted from a large dome. We are not aware of the determination come to in this respect, but believe it to be likely that the National Collection of Pictures will, in the first instance, be transferred to this situation. At the same time, we understand that the Royal Academy could not be sufficiently accommodated in York House: it will therefore occupy a separate building, either at Charing Cross, or near the site of Carlton House. The Royal Society of Literature has also a site to be given to it.

The portion of Somerset House liberated by the removal of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, together with that part where the Lottery Office affairs have hitherto been transacted, (now no longer needed), will be appropriated for the business of the Exchequer; and all the old buildings on the side of Palace Yard towards the river, where the Exchequer Offices now stand, will be taken down;—a grand improvement in that quarter.

Among the novelties at Windsor Castle, there will be one of striking effect. When his Majesty is there, a flag is to fly on one of the towers during the day, and during the night a blaze of gas-light will occupy the same station.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence has been unanimously elected an Honorary

Member of the Royal Institution of Great Britain, in Albemarle Street, of which the King is the Patron.

##### ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

ON Wednesday we gave a hasty inspection to the rooms of the Society in Bruton Street, and were gratified to find, not only that it is looking forward under the fairest auspices, but that it already possesses a fine collection in several interesting branches of Natural History. The objects which we could hardly help considering to be rather out of the original plan, have been successively abandoned, as they came to be more maturely weighed and discussed; and what remains, seems to us to be eminently calculated to be both interesting as a national spectacle, and useful as a national improvement. There is no question but that many animals of great value in every point of view, whether economical or luxurious, may be introduced and naturalised in this country, as so many have already been. The food, the clothing, the arts, the manufactures of Great Britain may be incalculably benefited by the cultivation of new materials, fitted to furnish variety for each;—the rein-deer of Lapland, the silk-worm of China, are not beyond the reach of British science and industry. But we will not speculate upon what may be done. We trust to be able to tell what is done, as the ameliorations are effected. Mr. Vigors, we understand, begins a series of lectures next Wednesday, of which and of the present state of the collection we purpose giving an account.

**ENTOMOLOGY.**—Two very interesting insects, hitherto unrecorded as inhabitants of our island, have lately been added to the collection of Mr. J. O. Westwood, of Chelsea. *Psilus Boscii*, of Jurine—a small four-winged ichneumon-like fly, with a black body, possesses great singularity, in having a long, thick, and curved black horn arising from the upper side of the first segment of the abdomen, and extending its defence over the back of the thorax and head, which are both channelled to receive it when the insect is at rest. The other appears to be the *Dryinus forficarius* of Labreille, and (as the name implies) considerably resembles a small ant: its thorax is composed of two parts, resembling knots; and each of the fore feet is armed with a pair of very long claws, which are turned back, and which are apparently used by the insect as nippers. Mr. W. is preparing accounts of these singular little creatures; which, together with coloured magnified figures of them, will (as we are informed) appear in an early number of the proposed periodical Entomological Miscellany.

**EXPEDITIONS.**—Captain Parry, in the *Hecla*, is on the eve of starting, and his ship has, as usual, been made the object of much public curiosity. He drops down from Deptford on Sunday, and is expected to sail on the Sunday following. The appointments are most complete, and the new apparatus for travelling over the ice extremely ingenious.—On the theme of northern expeditions, it is odd enough to remark, that while not a syllable is said on this side of the water, Mr. Arago has stated to the French Institute, on the authority of a letter from Captain Sabine, that Captain Franklin had reached Behring's Straits in October last. We presume that this must be premature, since surely such interesting information could not be communicated to France, and withheld from England.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

SINCE our last report of the proceedings of the Society, the following communications have been read at the Ordinary Meetings:—

December 20th, 1826.—Mr. Granville Penn on "an insidious Latin term in the Hellenistic Greek, inveterately mistaken for a genuine Greek word."

The term referred to is *λάσνος*, which occurs (Acts, i. 18.) in St. Peter's account of the suicide of Judas: *πέσεν πρόσωπον ἑλάνθων ἑαυτὸν*.—Eng. trans. "Falling headlong, he burst asunder in the midst." The word used by St. Matthew in relating the same event, is *ἀνέβη*, (c. xxvii, v. 5.) "He went out, and hanged himself."

After noticing the unsuccessful attempts of the commentators to reconcile the apparent discordance between these statements, Mr. Penn proposes his own method, by shewing that *λάσνος* is not, as has generally been supposed, an inflection derived from a *thema λαίνον*, identified with the obsolete Greek word *λάσσω*, (existing in *λάσσω*, *λάσσω*, &c.), *sonare*, sonitum dare, cum strepitu rumpi; but that, in common with many other words used in the New Testament, it is taken directly from the Latin; viz. from *laqueo*, to halter. All difficulty is thus removed; the single word used by St. Matthew, and the periphrasis of St. Peter, being proved to express identically the same act.—This paper was a good specimen of the philological acuteness and ingenuity which distinguish the writer.

January 3d, 1827.—An entertaining collection of extracts from MSS. relative to English history, in the British Museum; by the Rev. T. D. Fosbrooke.

February 7th, 1827.—A Memoir on the Portland Vase; by Mr. Millingen. The object of this learned Essay was to demonstrate the story sculptured on that celebrated monument of ancient art.

By the antiquaries who first announced its discovery, it was supposed to represent the birth of Alexander the Great. Another opinion was, that the subject related to the Judgment of Paris; a third, that it contained the story of Orpheus and Eurydice.

Winckelmann and other eminent archaeologists, however, think the subject of this vase is the marriage of Thetis and Peleus: to this opinion Mr. Millingen accedes, and, by his description of the sculptures, shews it to be highly probable. Various ancient monuments, he observes, since discovered, confirm this explanation, and confer upon it all the certainty of which such inquiries are susceptible. Mr. M. assigns the beautiful work of art in question to the age of the Antonines, or, at the earliest, to the time of Hadrian.

February 21st, and March 7th, 1827.—"On Vitriol Forts;" by the Rev. J. Jamieson, D.D. To account for the present appearance of those remarkable structures, peculiar to Scotland, known under this name, four different theories have been conceived.

The first theory, published (1787) in the Edinburgh Magazine, that they were formed by pouring a liquid mortar between two walls of loose stones. Dr. J. treats as a vulgar tradition. For the second, viz. that these forts are the remains of extinct volcanoes—an idea which originated with Pennant—he proves that there is no foundation in their actual appearance. In the third theory, proposed by Lord Woodhouselee, in a memoir published in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edin-

burgh, and refuted at great length by Dr. J., the vitrification is ascribed to accidental fire, either in consequence of the forts having been used for kindling fire-beacons, or by the external application of fire in hostile attacks. The present writer, supported by the authority of several antiquaries, ascribes these works to intentional vitrification. To demonstrate the foundations upon which this (fourth) theory rests, he gives the details of an examination of two of the most remarkable forts; viz. that called the *Castle-hill of Finhaven*, (anciently *Fothenevin, Fothenevyn, Finaven, &c.*) near Forfar, and that in the parish of Monifuth, a few miles east of Dundee, on one of the hills called the *Laws*. These both appear to have been links in a regular chain of forts, constructed, in all probability, for the purpose of fire-beacons, and by which, in case of a hostile attack, the whole district might easily be alarmed.

The number of members continues still to augment at every meeting.

Among the recent presents to the Society's Library, are "Ragnar Lodbrok," and three vols. of the Northern Sayas, edited and presented by Professor Rafn, of Copenhagen; "Bood'h Shaster," from Neypaul, presented by Colonel Franklin; the splendid Hexaglott Georgics, by Mr. Sotheby; &c.

OXFORD, March 17.—Thursday last the following degrees were conferred:—

*Bachelors in Divinity*.—Rev. J. Fox, Provost of Queen's College; Rev. J. W. King, Fellow of C. C. Coll.; Rev. G. Chisholm, Worcester College.

*Masters of Arts*.—W. J. Agg, Pembroke College, Grand Compounder; Rev. M. Geneste, Queen's College; Rev. J. Eddy, Trinity College; Rev. E. W. Hood, Wadham College; Rev. E. Woodhouse, Pembroke College; G. Trevelyan, Fellow of Merton College; E. Baldwin, St. John's College.

*Bachelor of Arts*.—W. Drummond, Trinity College, Grand Compounder.

On Friday, the following degrees were conferred:—

*Doctors in Divinity*.—Rev. J. Fox, Provost of Queen's College; Rev. G. Chisholm, Worcester College.

*Bachelor in Divinity*.—Rev. S. C. Lord, Wadham College.

## PINE ARTS.

[A number of beautiful and interesting publications in the Fine Arts have recently appeared, of some of which we shall give a description, being only sorry that we have not space enough to dwell on their merits as they deserve.]

*The Passes of the Alps*, No. I. Imperial 4to. By W. Brockedon. London, 1827. Published for the Author, and sold by Rodwell; J. and A. Arch; Carpenter and Son; Colnaghi and Son; and Walker.

THIS Number contains the Passes of the Little St. Bernard, which Mr. Brockedon, in a very skilful manner, and backed by many arguments and comparisons, maintains to have been the route of Hannibal. Be that as it may, it presents to view some of the most lovely and picturesque scenery of Dauphiny, the Tarentaise, and Piedmont; which Mr. Brockedon has transferred to his portfolio with infinite skill and taste. The subjects are, Pass near La Tuille, a wild bit of nature; the Vale of Gresivaudan, rich in corn and cultivation; Roche Blanche; a View from the Mountain towards the Tarentaise; Colonne de Joux, &c.; Mont Blanc (two views); and an Ascent of St. Bernard. There is also an illustrative map. Upon the whole, whether we look at this work with regard to its historical and classical recollections, the artist-like descriptions of the route in all its existing aspects, or the grace and character of the plates, we are equally disposed

to consider it as being honourable to Mr. Brockedon's talents, and most acceptable to the public. The letter-press is only fourteen pages, but the dissertation is extremely appropriate, and full of information. When we add, that half the engravings are executed by Edward Finden, in his very best style, and the other four by R. Brandall, J. C. Narrall, and C. Westwood, in a manner to stand well in such trying juxtaposition, we need say nothing more of their excellence.

*England and Wales; from Drawings by W. Turner, Esq. R.A.: with Descriptive and Historic Illustrations.* By H. E. Lloyd, Esq. No. I. Imperial 4to. London, 1827. R. Jennings.

THE commencement of another laudable and admirable design, the object of which is to illustrate the beautiful scenery of our native land. The drawings are by Mr. Turner, and worthy of one who holds so distinguished a rank among the foremost artists of the age. The historical notices are brief, but sufficiently detailed to add an interest to the subjects so finely depicted. These are, the superb ruins of Rievaulx Abbey, Yorkshire, engraved by E. Goodall; Lancaster, by R. Wallis; Dartmouth Cove, by W. R. Smith; and Bolton Abbey, Yorkshire, also by R. Wallis. All are well chosen, and capitally executed; but we think the third, particularly, one of the most exquisite things we have ever seen.

*A Greenwich Pensioner in the Character of Commodore Truncheon.* Engraved by F. C. Lewis, from Wilkie's Drawing. London, Hurst, Robinson, and Co.

THIS clever and striking imitation of the very characteristic Pensioner of Wilkie, has been published some months. As our gifted painter took his man (Thomas Brown, by name), from the life, so has the engraver produced an exact and perfect copy of his original. The eye which tells of many tankards, as well as the nose; the look, the attitude, the dress, are all truth itself; and the print one well calculated to obtain popular favour.

*Athens, with the Acropolis, &c. as exhibited in the Panorama, Strand, 1818.* E. D. Williamson.

A GOOD memorial of an attractive subject, and one that must always be interesting. It is a coloured print, in two divisions, and faithfully preserves all the features of a Panorama of which we spoke highly at the period when it was open.

*The Foundling.* Painted by Stephanoff; engraved by H. Dawe. London, Hurst and Co. THIS pleasing group of domestic life is in mezzotint. The story is prettily told, though we do not altogether admire the expression of the various countenances. The girl who finds the child is rather theatrical; and the clergyman is hardly enough moved. It is, however, altogether of a class which commands human sympathies.

*Olivia and Viola. Twelfth Night.* Engraved by Thomas Lupton; painted by H. Fradelle.

WE admired Mr. Fradelle's picture very much when it was exhibited, and are glad to see it thus multiplied by another branch of art. It is a graceful and speaking composition—the costume, the attitudes, and the expression, being alike charming. The accessories are also very clever; and we may say of the whole, in the words of *Viola*, that it is "excellently done."

*View of the West Front of the Saxon Tower, Bury St. Edmund's.* Drawn by F. MacKenzie; engraved by Le Keux. Bury, 1827, T. C. Newby; London, Ackermann. THIS engraving looks as solid as the noble ancient architecture which it represents. The object is a fine one; and it is here finely copied.

*The Passions of the Horse. Plate III.*

Lithography. By H. B. Chalon.

OF the two preceding plates we have expressed our very favourable opinion. The present displays the passion of Joy or Gladness in a superb old Hunter; and if we spoke well of its predecessors, we are bound to speak still better of this. The drawing is of the foremost order, and the illustration of animal feeling could not be given in a superior style.

*Destruction de Missolonghi.* C. Langlois and Marin Lavigne. Lithographed by Engelmann and Co.

IN another part of our Journal will be found an affecting narrative of the fall of Missolonghi. We have here, also from a foreign source, an appalling but stirring picture of the same dismal event. It is a spirited design; and war and death are blended together in it in many well-conceived forms.

*Fac-Simile of a Letter from Oliver Cromwell, &c.* By J. Frost. Colnaghi and Son.

THIS is hardly one of the Fine Arts; yet as a curiosity that way inclined, we beg to commend it to the notice of our readers. The letter itself seems to be well authenticated, though it is badly spelt!

## MEDAL: GEORGE IV.

THE first of a splendid series of medals has just appeared, and begins, worthily, with our illustrious Sovereign, the friend and patron of the Fine Arts—of which this branch is the least cultivated in England. We trust, however, that the attempt now made by Mr. Parker will meet with sufficient encouragement, not only to reward his talents, but to revive a taste and consideration for the art itself. The design is to publish, about every two months, a portrait of some distinguished individual, till thirty are completed. His Majesty is from Chantrey's bust, and admirably executed in bronze of a large size—the medal being four inches in diameter, and framed in a striking and beautiful manner, so as to form a handsome ornament for any room. Mr. Canning, Sir W. Scott, Lord Eldon, the Duke of Wellington, and others, are in preparation; and as the long-enduring material in which their likenesses are preserved can be afforded at a low price, we look with a feeling of certainty to the success of this design. Next to the marble bust, nothing can recommend itself so much as these metallic resemblances to perpetuate the memory of the great and eminent; and it gives us pleasure to say, that Mr. Parker is producing them in a style to do honour to his name as bronxist to the king, and to the talents of Mr. A. J. Stothard, by whom they are engraved from works of the highest excellence.

CONVERSAZIONI.—Such of our readers as have attended the Conversazioni at Mr. Sass's during preceding seasons, where the fine arts and literature have been so happily blended, will be glad to learn that that gentleman has again announced Evenings, for these *re-unions*, as our French neighbours call them, in April, May, and June.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## THE FATHER-LAND.

From the German song, *Wo ist der Deutsche Vater-land?*

WHERE is the German's father-land?—

'Tis not beside the Rhine—

'Tis not where, through its golden sand,  
Old Elbe, thy billows shine.

Where freemen meet with heart and hand,  
There is the German's father-land.

'Tis not, Bavaria, in thy dells,

Though there the stag-hounds spring,  
And round thy mountains' rocky cells

The eagle sweeps the wing;  
Not in thy vales, by zephyrs fann'd,  
The German finds his father-land.

'Tis not upon the Styrian hill,

Nor in the Styrian mine,  
Though gushes there the silver rill—

Though there the emeralds shine:  
Better than those the wildest strand  
For freedom and our father-land!

'Tis not in Prussia's kingly walls,

Nor, Dresden, in thy bowers;  
A slave's a slave in pictured halls,  
And chain'd, though chain'd with flowers.

'Tis where no sabre gives command,  
The German seeks his father-land.

'Tis not, thou glorious king of streams,  
Dark Danube, by thy wave—

Thou nurse of Freedom's waking dreams—  
Thou death-bed of the slave;  
In vain the slaughter'd Turkish band,  
Thou bathest not our father-land.

'Tis not within thy vales, wild Hartz,

Nor in thy hills, Tyrol—  
The freeman from thy soil departs,  
No more the land of soul;

Far, far from thee he takes his stand,  
And weeps old Freedom's father-land.

Brave England! though thy clime be rude,  
And clouded be thy sky,

Yet with thee and thy lion-brood  
Will Freedom live or die.

There, led as by the prophet's wand,  
The German finds his father-land.

TRISSINO.

## BIOGRAPHY.

WILLIAM MITFORD, ESQ.

*Æquilliter et diligenter.*

It cannot be said with truth that literature has suffered a loss by the death of Mr. Mitford; he had accomplished the great work nearest to his heart, and, even had his health and life been prolonged, was fully resolved never to engage in another literary composition.

Mr. Mitford was the head of the second branch of his family; the first, since the days of William the Conqueror, having resided at Mitford Castle, Northumberland. He was born at Exbury, in Hampshire, his paternal estate, which he has left much improved and enlarged. A family tutor, and a few years at Cambridge, completed his education; but he was indebted to his natural genius, and profound study in more mature years, for the foundation of his historical fame, such as it may be. Being the eldest son, and heir to a large estate, he was never intended for any profession; and, as the custom was half a century ago, he made what was foolishly called the grand tour of Europe, and, strange as it may appear, without a *bearer*, his father commending him "to the care of God and his own discretion." Mr. Mitford visited Greece, and made a long sojourn at Athens, where he commenced his History of that country, which subsequently occupied all the best

and perhaps most pleasing years of his existence. At the death of his father, he entered upon public life, and as a borough member voted for all the acts of Mr. Pitt, seldom speaking, except upon Militia Bills, he being colonel of the Hampshire regiment: it was upon one of these occasions the house coughed him down, and, in disgust, he threw up the representation of New Romney.

Mr. Mitford was a professed agriculturist, and divided his time betwixt his estates and residence in Clarges Street, Piccadilly. He was also extensively engaged in canals, and one of those who promoted by his purse and influence the building of Waterloo Bridge. He was an unambitious man, and declined several offers of place made him during the Pitt administration. He married young; and the name of Mrs. Mitford was so famous in the annals of fashion, that it is attached to many musical pieces of which she accepted the dedication. The colonel, on the contrary, was in dress and manner always very plain, and a domestic fireside his greatest enjoyment.

In 1802 he gained a great acquisition to his fortune, by the Revelly estate, adjoining to that of Mitford Castle. The writer was present when he took possession of this property, and saw him exploring its mountains and forests, with an oak stick in his hand, and the cloak of an ancient farmer over his shoulders. The farmers did not like the looks of the old gentleman; but they soon idolised their landlord,—he reduced their rents, and made every one comfortable upon his manor.

Mr. Mitford had three sons: John, the commissioner of bankrupts, and Bertram, an Irish commissioner of inquiry, are now living; Henry, a post-captain in the navy, sailed to the North Sea, in the York of sixty-four guns, and there perished with all her crew, supposed to have foundered at her anchors on the Dogger Bank. Mr. Mitford was a most affectionate parent, and this shock withdrew him almost entirely from public view. Still his History occupied some part of every day of his future life; and his only fear was that he should not live to complete it—he has only survived its completion one year, but his faculties were in full vigour to the last. He was eighty-three years old at his decease, four years senior to his brother, Lord Redesdale, a title for which he is indebted to no ancestor, but to his own professional merits and application.

Mr. Mitford's first production was a Greek poem, which lost a prize: it was, however, printed; and Professor Porson said of it, "Mitford will never be a Pindar, but he savours more of Greek than any younger in the university." His learned work, *An Essay on the Harmony of Language*, has long been admired. Horne Tooke frequently said he wished to have been its author. It is rather singular, that the man who could write well in almost any tongue, could not, in common conversation, speak his own grammatically; in truth, his history is noted for laboured diction, and is not eloquent in any part, though there are many pieces of his, full of humour and sprightliness, inserted under various signatures in the magazines. His conceptions were brilliant; and I do not believe all the comments in his work ever cost him more trouble than that of putting them on paper. We cannot judge of any man's ready wit from his words. The pompous and heavy-marching prose of Dr. Johnson was written or dictated freely, and without ever being subject to revision; whilst the easy, flowing language of Rousseau came painfully from a mind pausing upon every word, and balancing every sentence.

Mr. Mitford did not, like many authors, labour without his hire; he received £10,000 for the History of Greece; though I believe the expenses he was at exceeded that sum. Lord Byron, who is no mean authority, mentions Mitford's Greece, I think in his notes to Don Juan, as the best ever written; and the learned here and on the continent coincide with him in opinion. Its correctness is unquestionable; but those who look for the elegance of Robertson, or the illuminations of Gibbon, in Mitford's work, will be disappointed. It is a plain historical narration, as free from ornament as it is from affectation: he mimes no matter—he never compromises any principle—but proceeds boldly on, as one who stands upon the firm basis of truth, and defies consequences. It cannot be denied, that he has throughout leaned to the monarchical side; but he gives his reasons for so doing, and never attempts to mislead the reader's judgment, nor introduce his own political opinions in discussing events over which the ravages of time have passed during the lapse of ages. He had a high idea of the importance of his work; and said to an eminent traveller, who affected to give him some information respecting Thessaly: "Sir, you think *things* may do for romance; I want facts for history." Mr. Pye, the laureate, a relation to whom he was partial, and who dedicated a volume of poems to him, observed: "Colonel, I have written an ode upon you. History." "I am sorry for it," was the reply; "it wants no ballad-singer to herald its fame." He possessed much of the irritability of genius, but no selfish pride. A man of few words, he was more of a listener than a speaker; and neither in his looks, language, nor demeanour, would a stranger have taken him for more than a common, matter-of-fact, unlearned Englishman.

Mr. Mitford's family are all tinctured with the mania of authorship: Lord Redesdale in his youth wrote tolerable verses; and his law books are eminent in Westminster Hall. Mr. John Mitford, the historian's son, published a Translation of Statius. Mr. John, the clergyman, has published several volumes of sacred poetry, some of it very beautiful; another Mr. John wrote the *Adventures of Johnny Newcome in the Navy*; and Miss Mary Mitford is well known by her tragedies of *Julian* and the *Foscari*. All these authors have been indebted to the protecting friendship of the historian of Greece. The name of Mr. Mitford seldom appeared to ostentatious charitable subscriptions; but he set apart annually a large sum, which he distributed kindly to retiring distress.

I know little of Mr. Mitford's dispute with Mr. Mathias, whom he is said to have treated harshly. It was a mere "battle of the books," in which much ink was spilled, but no ill blood existed; and as they are both in the grave, let their faults be buried with them.

Mr. Mitford will find no mean place in the temple of Fame, but stand by the side of those whose talents and genius are an honour to Great Britain, and entitled to the gratitude of mankind.—By a Correspondent.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

MISSOLOGHI.

A HISTORY of the siege of Missolonghi has been published at Paris, by M. Auguste Fabre, a French writer of considerable celebrity. It contains a number of most interesting details with respect to that memorable event. The bravery and self-devotion of the unfortunate Greeks are painted with a very masterly pencil.

It is well known, that after having been disappointed in all their hopes of aid, feeling their ramparts crumbling under their feet, seeing their fathers, their wives, and their children, perishing by famine, the garrison sent a communication to the only corps which was able to give them any succour, that of Kairaskaki, requesting it to attack the rear of the enemy on a certain day, and to announce its arrival by a general discharge of musketry, at which moment the garrison would make a sortie, and endeavour to cut their way through the besieging army. On the appointed day, the population of Missolonghi was assembled. There remained three thousand soldiers (including those who, although sick or wounded, were capable of marching with the assistance of their comrades), a thousand artificers or other men unused to fighting, and about five thousand women and children. The Grecian women, who fancied themselves strong enough to brave the fatigue and danger of the sortie, dressed themselves in men's clothes, in order that if they were unable to escape the enemy, they might be mistaken for soldiers, and put to death instantly. Many of them hung round their necks and round the necks of their children, as a protecting talisman, the revered relics of their ancestors; and wore concealed daggers, with which either to strike the enemy, or to secure their not being taken alive. Those whose weakness forbade them to follow the troops, joined the desperately wounded, the sick, the aged, and the infants, and resolved to bury themselves in the ruins of the town. It was a terrible moment. Almost all the families of Missolonghi were divided into two parts; those who remained in expectation of death, and those who were on the point of rushing forth to vengeance and to new dangers. The hardest warriors were subdued to tears; and the bravest hearts quailed at the approaching separation. All these preparations were, however, rendered abortive by the infamous treachery of a Bulgarian soldier, who had deserted to Ibrahim, and disclosed the whole plan. The Turks suddenly attacked the town, and bathed themselves in Christian blood. The scene that followed was hideous. "But one voice was heard among the despairing women," says M. Fabre: "'To the sea! to the sea!'" Many precipitated themselves into wells, into which they first threw their children. But the wells at length became full, and it was a long way from the ramparts to that part of the harbour which was sufficiently deep for the purpose of death. The conquerors, anxious for slaves, followed close on their victims. Several women, and even several children, had the address and the good fortune to free themselves by throwing themselves on the naked swords of the Arabs; others plunged into the flames of the burning houses; twelve hundred, who could discover no way of destroying themselves, fell into the hands of the enemy. The attention of the conquerors was soon drawn to the powder magazine. The size and the solidity of the building induced them to believe that the wealth of the inhabitants had been there deposited. It contained, however, only women and children, and Capsalis (one of the primates of the town, who, having obstinately refused to accompany the garrison in their projected sortie, conducted to the powder-magazine a crowd of women and children, saying, 'Come, and be still; I will myself set fire to it'). They wept not; they had no parting to apprehend; the grave was about to unite them for ever. The mothers tranquilly pressed their infants to their breasts, relying on Capsalis. In the meanwhile, the

enemy crowded round their asylum; some attempted to break open the doors; some to enter by the windows; some climbed to the roof, and endeavoured to demolish it. At length, Capsalis, perceiving that a vast number had assembled, uttered a brief prayer, familiar to the Greeks—'Lord, remember me!' and applied the match. The explosion was so violent, that the neighbouring houses were thrown down, large chasms were produced in the earth, and the sea, moved from its bed, inundated one part of the town. Two thousand barbarians were blown up with Capsalis." Such was the catastrophe of this terrible drama!

#### MUSIC.

##### THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

THE third Philharmonic Concert, on Monday night, under the direction of Sir George Smart and Mr. Kiesewetter, was opened with what has often been called the *non plus ultra* of orchestral compositions, the grand symphony in C minor of Beethoven; the immortal genius, who, according to the latest news from the Austrian capital, dated the 6th of March, is still lingering under a painful and incurable disease.

The three pieces succeeding this, whether too much eclipsed by it, or owing to some other cause, did not appear in the most brilliant light; but the beautiful manner in which the overture Eurianthe was played restored us to the same elevation of feeling. Mozart's magnificent symphony in D (the one beginning with an adagio, as ought always to be stated, to distinguish it from the other in D,) admits of nothing but praise. Miss Stephens still perseveres in Italian arias, however small her success, and however faintly encouraged by the audience. Hummel's septett for the pianoforte as principal, is a great and an acknowledged master-piece,—such a one as ought never to be mutilated by being curtailed for a particular occasion. This, we are sorry to mention, was done extensively, and perceptibly enough on the present occasion, particularly in the andante and in the last movement, where the part in the style of a fugue was entirely omitted. If classical works of this description are not to be performed entire, and in their original shape, in the first music saloon of the kingdom, where else shall we expect to hear them? It is, however, nothing but justice to speak of Mrs. Anderson's admirable playing in the highest terms of praise. She had also the advantage of being extremely well accompanied, save two or three wrong notes of the contrabassist in the solo piccato. Upon the whole, the concert proved to be one of the best hitherto given.

##### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Twelve Grand Concertos, by Handel, adapted for the Organ or Pianoforte.* By W. Crotch, Book II. Birchall and Co.

THE first Number of this work, containing six Concertos, appeared about the middle of last season; and the opinion we then expressed of the merits both of the original and the arrangement, must have been shared by a great many musical amateurs; otherwise the publishers would hardly have felt themselves induced to risk a second time the bringing out of so large and expensive a work. As it has come out, we are persuaded that every one sincerely interested in the promotion of the art, will join us in the wish, that their reward may not be confined to public approbation and praise alone. In this second Number, which concludes the work, are given the last six

Concertos. Each is divided, like the preceding, into several smaller movements; and besides largos, andantes, allegros, &c. we also meet here with a polacca o gigue, a siciliana, a minuet, and even a hornpipe, like morceaux of fancy, which could hardly have been expected amidst such gravities. This variety alone is our excuse for not going into any detail; but we can nevertheless recommend this excellent standard work, with the greatest confidence, to every amateur and professor.

*C. M. v. Weber's Overture to Der Beherrscher der Geister, or the Ruler of the Spirits; arranged for two Performers on the Pianoforte, with Accompaniment of Flute (or Violin) and Violoncello, ad lib.* By W. Watts. Birchall and Co.

THE opera for which it is said this overture was written, has never appeared, though it is very likely that it exists, together with some others, of which Mr. Tiek of Dresden, a friend of Weber's,\* has promised the musical public an account. Mr. Tiek names the operas, Alcindoer, the Cid, and der Weinberg an der Elbe, which we never before heard mentioned as Weber's works. The overture in question bears some striking marks of that composer's peculiar genius, and was performed last season by the Philharmonic band with much effect. But such a band and a pianoforte are two different things; and though Mr. Watts has evinced his usual skill as an arranger, we are afraid he will not gain as much popularity with this duet as he is sure to acquire by the following:—

*Beethoven's Overture to the Men of Prometheus, for two Performers on the Pianoforte, with Flute (or Violin) and Violoncello (ad lib.)* By W. Watts. Same publisher.

THE overtures of Beethoven do not rank quite so high as his symphonies; but those by which he has gained most celebrity are: *Fidelio*, *Egmont*, *Coriolanus*, and above all, *Prometheus*. Like Mozart's *Figaro*, or *Clemenza di Tito*, it has an uninterrupted flow of beautiful ideas. In the allegro, as it ought to be played with great spirit and rapidity, Mr. Watts has skillfully distributed the difficult passages between both hands, and indeed arranged the whole in such a manner, that we are at a loss to name another duet which is equal to this in charm, and at the same time so well calculated for a lesson.

#### DRAMA.

##### KING'S THEATRE.

THE debutante, Signora Toso, has in her two appearances fully justified the notice we gave of her last Saturday, and the public voice has confirmed our opinions. A full rehearsal of *Ricciardo e Zoraide* took place yesterday, but too late to allow of our saying more than that the Opera promises to be most effective.

#### VARIETIES.

*Carthamum.*—A number of experiments have recently been made by an Italian naturalist on the culture of carthamum (bastard-saffron), with the double object of obtaining the colouring matter of the petals, and the valuable oil yielded by its seed. It appears that the indigenous is not in any way inferior to the exotic carthamum.

*Cloer.*—The extensive cultivation of red clover in those plains of Italy in which that plant now grows spontaneously, has been strongly recommended by M. Ré, of the Agricultural Society of Turin.

The poet, who wrote the words to the *Freischütz*.

**The English Language.**—The difficulty of applying rules to the pronunciation of our language may be illustrated in two lines where the combination of the letters *ough* is pronounced in no less than seven different ways, viz. as *o, uf, of, up, ow, oo, and och.*

Though the tough cough and hiccough plough me through;  
O'er life's dark lough my course I still pursue.

**Silk Worms.**—From comparative observations which have been made on the silk from Italian worms with yellow balls, and the Chinese race with white balls, it is proved that although the silk produced by the former is much more abundant, that produced by the latter is much more brilliant.

**Paragres.**—The utility of these instruments, which have of late years been much resorted to in various parts of the Continent, for the purpose of averting the devastation frequently occasioned by violent hail-storms, begins to be doubted by scientific men.

**Rice.**—A new machine for separating the grain of rice from its husk has been invented in Italy. It consists of two fluted cylinders, set in motion by an hydraulic wheel. These cylinders, revolving on a horizontal plan, detach the grain from the panicles. It subsequently passes across a wooden hurdle, while the straw is separated by the movement of the machine.

**Tides.**—At Leith, on the 6th, the tide, according to the almanack, should have reached high water at thirty-four minutes past seven o'clock, a.m., and at that time there was nine feet and a half of water marked on the gauge-board at the pier-end; but instead of receding, it remained stationary for about fifteen minutes, and then recommenced the flow, which continued till forty minutes past eight, when the tide had risen to eleven feet.

**Halibut** (in the Bay of Hammerfest), caught by means of hooks, sometimes attain the enormous size of 500lb. weight, or even more; and instances have been known of their upsetting the boat, when they have been incautiously drawn up, without being first despatched. The flesh of the halibut, which is known by the name of *quite*, is highly prized, and esteemed a great delicacy, being beautifully white, of a fine flavour, and exceedingly firm.—*Brooke's Land.*

**Steam Vessels.**—In a collection of Spanish voyages and documents relative to the establishment of the Spanish marine, recently published at Madrid by Don Fernandez Navarrete, there is an account of a nautical experiment made by order of Charles V., which gives room to believe that the application of steam to navigation has been known nearly three hundred years. In 1543 Captain Blasco de Garay, of the Spanish Navy, requested the Emperor Charles V. to be allowed to make, in his presence, an experiment with a machine which would advance rapidly in the water without the assistance of oars or sails. Barcelona was chosen for the place of exhibition; and a vessel of 200 tons, called the *Trinidad*, and laden with corn, was placed at the disposal of the projector. Blasco de Garay kept to himself the means which he intended to employ; but he could no longer conceal them when on the day appointed he set them to work before the multitude which assembled on the occasion. It was observed that his principal instruments were a large copper, full of water, and two wheels placed on the outside of the vessel. The emperor's treasurer, who was commissioned to ascertain the effect of the machine, made an unfavourable report, founded on the tendency of the copper to burst, and the

slowness (not above four miles an hour) of the motion produced. The discouraged inventor destroyed his ingenious machine; which, some centuries later, was to become so powerful an agent in the arts and in navigation. Charles V., however, ordered his expenses to be paid; and made him a present of 40,000 maravedis.

**Crustaceous Fish.**—A communication from M. Robineau Desvoidy was lately read at a meeting of the French Institute, in which the existence of the organs of smell in crustaceous fish is asserted.

**Newspapers.**—We have formerly noticed the publication of an English newspaper at Singapore (the *Chronicle*), a copy of which has been obligingly sent to us; and it deserves to be mentioned, that we have now before us the first four numbers of another English newspaper published at Malacca! This novelty, called the *Observer*, was begun in September last, and appears every fortnight. The paper of October 10th notices the loss of a French naturalist, Monsieur Teasie, who had been in the interior some time collecting curiosities, who was unfortunately drowned by the wreck of a vessel in which he had embarked.

**Contagion.**—The death of the Bishop of Lincoln, and the serious indisposition of other eminent personages who were at the interment of the Duke of York, render it desirable to ascertain if many others present on that occasion have been affected with sore throats or inflamed lungs; as we have read with some interest a little work, published by Sherwood, entitled *Observations on Sound*, containing objections to vaults under churches, including original views on the nature of contagion, &c. The secretary of the Royal Academy of Paris has written a high commendation of this little English work; and it is placed, by an unanimous vote, in the library of the Academy:—since which, occurrences have taken place in the South of France fully proving the correctness of the theory therein advanced. Among other things, it asserts that heat arising from a large assemblage of persons over a vault, by producing a rapid evaporation of the stagnant air beneath, draws forth the poison from bodies that have died of mortification or malignant fevers; and that as soon as these exhalations arrive at a certain degree of heat, embryo animalcules therein sometimes contained receive animation, and may therefore communicate to the throat or lungs the nature of the substance from which they emanate. The propriety of burying in vaults under churches has been for some time past questioned by our continental neighbours; and such fatal occurrences as these may possibly excite investigation among us also.—*From a Correspondent.*

**Literary Distress.**—We are sorry to see from a letter circulated among the friends of literature, that Mrs. Roche, whose celebrity as an author has been long since acknowledged, and whose conduct through life has been unblemished, has been compelled by her misfortunes to appeal to their benevolent feelings.

It is stated that, "early in December 1825, her husband was afflicted by a severe paralytic stroke, from the effects of which he is still suffering: previous to this event, they had been enduring the bitterest privations; yet from that feeling generally allied to a certain condition in life, they kept their situation long concealed; but, after this severe dispensation of Providence, longer concealment was impossible."

Mrs. Roche, in this sad situation, proposes to publish by Subscription, "Contrast; or, Helena and Adelaide:" a Novel, in three volumes. And we are sure the Author of the *Children of the Abbey* cannot appeal in vain to that public she has so much delighted,

## LITERARY NOVELTIES.

We have had handed to us the specimen of a forthcoming publication, entitled, "Philosophy in Sport made Science in Earnest," in which specimen are five wood-cuts, from designs by George Cruikshank, about the best and most amusing we have ever seen, even from his characteristic pencil. The object seems to be, to make marbles, blowing soap-bubbles, and other common plays, illustrate philosophical principles, and to impress them on the mind by these whimsical prints. We think highly of the plan; and are sure that if the dialogue is well executed, and the drama of papa, teacher, mamma, child, pupil, &c. well sustained, it will become a very popular work.

**Classical Literature.**—M. Mai will shortly publish, at Rome, some hitherto neglected fragments of the Greek historians Polybius, Diodorus Siculus, Dionysius Halicarnassus, Dion Cassius, Eusebius, and others, in one volume 4to. with a Latin translation by the editor, and some notes. This discovery, the most important of all those that we owe to M. Mai, merits the entire attention of the learned of Europe.

In the press, a volume of Sermons, by the Rev. W. Deatley, Rector of Clapham.

Mr. Blackwood announces, *The Youth and Manhood of Cyril Thornton*.

Mr. Geoffrey Higgins, author of a Treatise entitled *Horse Sabotage*, has nearly ready a work (in 4to. with lithographic prints) respecting the *Celtic Druids*.

In the press, the *Subaltern's Log Book*, during two Voyages to India, and *Eighteen Years' Observation on Land and Water*.

A Foreign Quarterly Review and Continental Literary Miscellany, is announced under high literary auspices. Its avowed purpose is to render foreign literature familiar in Great Britain. The plan appears to us to be excellent, and deserving of every public encouragement.

Moods and Temes, by One of Us, is said to be nearly ready.

Mr. Dewhurst, the author of a Dictionary of Anatomy and Physiology, is preparing a System of Osteology, illustrated with Engravings, in lithography, of the Bones, of the size of nature, from Drawings taken from the recent skeleton, and also from Schelden's folio work on the bones.

*Lesbion-Lesbiacorum Liber*; or, a Description and History of Lesbos, by M. Lucien Plehn, has lately been published at Berlin. It is a very able work, and contains many curious and learned disquisitions.

Mr. Ainsworth is preparing a second edition of *Sir John Chiverton* for publication.

Mr. Peter Moore, it is said in some of the newspapers, promises to employ his leisure in the King's Bench prison (if sent thither for his debt as a director of one of the speculative companies), by writing first a *Life of Sheridan*, and secondly his own *Memoirs*,—time and place fitting.

Mr. Gutch of Bristol has in the press a volume entitled *Second Thoughts on the Person of Christ*, &c.; containing Reasons for the author's Secession from the Unitarian Communion, and his adherence to that of the Established Church.

In the Press, the *Age Reviewed*. A Satire.

In preparation, the *Book-Collector's Manual, or a Guide to the knowledge of upwards of 20,000 rare, curious, and useful books printed in or relating to Great Britain and Ireland, from the invention of printing to the present time*.

There is in the press the *Memoirs of Lord Collingwood*, with the noble Admiral's Correspondence on various occasions.

De Vere, which is, we have little doubt, as Tremaine was, the production of Mr. R. Ward, will appear next week. It excites considerable expectation; and, from what we have heard, we should consider it as being more likely to gratify that expectation than even its successful precursor.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Bent's London Catalogue of Books, corrected to March 1827, 8vo. 12s. cloth bds.—Robertson's Conversations on Anatomy, 12mo. 6s. bds.—Personal Narrative of Adventures in the Peninsula during the War, cr. 8vo. 9s. 6d. bds.—Cooper's Vindication of his Letter to a Clergyman, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Ald's Religious Characteristics, 8vo. 6s. bds.—Picard's Choix des Comédies en Prose, with Notes, &c. by Deward, 12mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Kilvert's Sermons before the National Schools, 12mo. 5s. 6d. bds.—Tuguen's Instructions for Collecting and Preserving British Insects, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—American Sketches, 12mo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Anderson's Prize Essay, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Falkland, post 8vo. 6s. 6d. bds.—Richmond, or Scenes in the Life of a Bow Street Officer, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 8s. 6d. bds.—Verbal Analysis of l'Histoire de la Conjuration contre Venise, 12mo. 6s. bds.—Algiati Tragedia, fcp. 6s. bds.—Blair's Scientific Aphorisms, 8vo. 15s. bds.—Clerk's Naval Tactics, 4th edition, 8vo. 1l. 8s. bds.—Browning's Service Popular Poetry, fcp. 6s. bds.—White's Inventions and Discoveries, 8vo. 14s. bds.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

As we have reviewed as many new books as possible in this Number, the other novelties which have poured in upon us shall be noticed as rapidly as we can.

We cannot comply with the request of J. A. H.

Arthur is declined at present.

We are again obliged to postpone the conclusion of review of the Living and the Dead.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

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